F. Quernier Inv.

P. Duflos Scul.

TAMERLANE:

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by *N. ROWE*, Esq;

——— *Magnus ad altum*
Fulminat Euphraten bello, victorque volentes
Per Populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.
Virg. Georg. 4.

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MDCCL.

To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM,

LORD MARQUIS of *Hartington,*

(Now Duke of *Devonſhire.*)

My LORD,

EVERY Body is now ſo full of Buſineſs, that things of this kind, which are generally taken for the Entertainment of leiſure Hours only, look like Impertinence and Interruption. I am ſure it is a Reaſon why I ought to beg Your Lordſhip's Pardon, for troubling You with this Tragedy; Not but that Poetry has always been, and will ſtill be the Entertainment of all wiſe Men, that have

any Delicacy in their Knowledge; Yet at ſo critical a Juncture as this is, I muſt confeſs I think Your Lordſhip ought to give intirely into thoſe Publick Affairs, which at this time ſeem to Demand You. It is that happy Turn which Your Lordſhip has to Buſineſs, that right Underſtanding of your Country's Intereſt, and that conſtant Zeal to purſue it, that juſt Thinking, that ſtrong and perſuaſive Elocution, that firm and generous Reſolution, which upon all Occaſions You have ſhewn in Parliaments; and to add, that which is the crowning good Quality, Your Lordſhip's continual Adherence and unſhaken Loyalty to His preſent Majeſty, which make You at this Time ſo neceſſary to the Publick. I muſt confeſs, (tho' there is no part in Your Lordſhip's Character, but what the World ſhould be fond of) I cannot help Diſtinguiſhing the laſt Inſtance very particularly: It is doing (methinks) ſuch a Juſtice to Goodneſs, to Greatneſs, and to Right Reaſon, that Poſterity will believe there could be no Man of good Senſe, but what muſt have agreed with Your Lordſhip in it. When the next Age ſhall Read the Hiſtory of this, What Excuſe can they make for thoſe who did not Admire a Prince whoſe Life has been a Series of good Offices done to Mankind? When they ſhall reckon up his Labours from the Battle of *Seneff*, to

ſome

ſome Glorious Action, which ſhall be his Laſt (and which I therefore hope is very far remov'd from the Preſent Time) Will they ever believe that he could have been too well lov'd, or too faithfully ſerv'd and defended? The great Things which he did before we had that immediate Intereſt in him, which we now happily have, is a noble and juſt Subject for Panegyrick; but as Benefits done to Others, can never touch us ſo ſenſibly as thoſe we receive ourſelves, tho' the Actions may be equally great; ſo, methinks, I can hardly have Patience to run back to his having ſav'd his own Country, when I conſider he has ſince done the ſame for Us; Let that be ſufficient to Us, for all we can ſay of him, or do for him. What Dangers and Difficulties has he not ſtruggled through, for the Honour and Safety of theſe Kingdoms? 'Tis a common Praiſe, and what every one ſpeaks, to ſay, He has continually expos'd his Life for his People; but there are ſome Things more particular in his Character, ſome Things rarely found amongſt the Policies of Princes; a Zeal for Religion, moderated by Reaſon, without the Rage and Fire of Perſecution; a charitable Compaſſion for thoſe who cannot be convinc'd, and an unalterable Perſeverance in thoſe Principles of whoſe Truth he is ſatisfied; a Deſire of War for the ſake of Peace; and of Peace for the Good and

Honour of his Subjects equally with his own; a pious Care for compoſing Factions, tho' to foment them might make him Arbitrary; and a generous Ambition that only aims at Power, to enable him to do good to all the reſt of the World. I might add here, that Inviolable and Religious Obſervance of his Royal Word, which the beſt part of the Powers of *Europe* have ſo frequently and ſo happily, for themſelves, depended upon in the greateſt Emergencies. But as this Virtue is generally reckon'd as no more than that common Honeſty, which the meaneſt Man would bluſh to be without, ſo it can hardly claim a Place amongſt the more particular Excellencies of a Great Prince. It were to be wiſh'd, indeed, that the World were honeſt to ſuch a Degree, and that there were not that ſcandalous Defect of common Morality. Certainly nothing can be more ſhocking to Humanity, to the Peace and Order of the World; nothing can approach nearer to that ſavage State of Nature, in which every Man is to eat his Fellow if he can maſter him, than an avow'd Liberty of breaking thro' all the moſt ſolemn Engagements of publick Faith. 'Tis ſomething that brands a Man with an Infamy, which nothing can extenuate or wipe out; he may proteſt and pretend to explain his Meaning, but the World has generally too much Indignation for the Affront,

front, to bear it at that eaſy rate. Miniſters and Secretaries of State may diſplay their own Parts in Memorials, with as much Pomp and Flouriſh as they pleaſe: I fancy the common Anſwer upon ſuch Occaſions will always be, You have deceiv'd us groſly, and we neither can nor will truſt you any more. When this Vice comes amongſt Men of the firſt Rank, it is the more ſhocking, and I could wiſh there were none ſuch, to whoſe Charge it might be laid.

Some People (who do me a very great Honour in it) have fancy'd that in the Perſon of *Tamerlane* I have alluded to the greateſt Character of the preſent Age. I don't know, whether I ought not to apprehend a great deal of Danger from avowing a Deſign like that. It may be a Task indeed worthy the greateſt Genius, which this, or any other Time has produc'd. But therefore I ought not to ſtand the Shock of a Parallel, leſt it ſhould be ſeen, to my Diſadvantage, how far the *Hero* has *tranſcended the Poet's Thought*. There are many Features, 'tis true, in that great Man's Life, not unlike his Majeſty: His Courage, his Piety, his Moderation, his Juſtice, and his Fatherly Love of his People, but above all, his Hate of Tyranny and Oppreſſion, and his zealous Care for the common Good of Mankind, carry a large Reſemblance of Him: Several Incidents are

alike in their Stories; and there wants nothing to his Majeſty but ſuch a deciding Victory, as that by which *Tamerlane* gave Peace to the World. That is yet to come; but I hope we may reaſonably expect it from the Unanimity of the preſent Parliament, and ſo formidable a Force as that Unanimity will give Life and Vigour to.

If Your Lordſhip can find any Thing in this Poem like a Prince, who is ſo juſtly the Object of Your Lordſhip's, and indeed of the World's Veneration, I perſuade myſelf it will prevail with You to forgive every thing elſe that You find amiſs. You will excuſe the Faults in Writing, for the Goodneſs of the Intention. I hope too, Your Lordſhip will not be diſpleas'd, that I take this Opportunity of renewing the Honour which I formerly had, to be known to Your Lordſhip, and which gives me at once the Pleaſure of expreſſing thoſe Juſt and Dutiful Sentiments I have for his Majeſty, and that ſtrong Inclination which I have always had to be thought,

My Lord,

Your Loraſhip's moſt Obedient

Humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. BETTERTON.

OF all the Muſes various Labours none
Have laſted longer, or have higher flown,
Than thoſe that tell the Fame by ancient Heroes won.
With Pleaſure Rome *and great* Auguſtus *heard*
Arms and the Man ſung by the Mantuan *Bard;*
In ſpite of Time, the ſacred Story lives,
And Cæſar *and his Empire ſtill ſurvives,*
Like him, (tho' much unequal to his Flame)
Our Author makes a pious Prince his Theme.
High with the foremoſt Names in Arms he ſtood,
Had fought, and ſuffer'd for his Country's Good,
Yet ſought not Fame, but Peace, in Fields of Blood.
Safe under him his happy People ſate,
And griev'd at diſtance for their Neighbours Fate.
Whilſt with Succeſs, a Turkiſh *Monarch Crown'd,*
Like ſpreading Flame deform'd the Nations round;
With Sword and Fire he forc'd his impious Way
To Lawleſs Pow'r, and Univerſal Sway:
Some abject States for Fear the Tyrant join;
Others for Gold their Liberties reſign,
And venal Princes ſold their Right Divine.
Till Heav'n, the growing Evil to redreſs,
Sent Tamerlane *to give the World a Peace.*
The Hero rous'd aſſerts the glorious Cauſe,
And to the Field the chearful Soldier draws:
Around in Crowds his valiant Leaders wait,
Anxious for Glory, and ſecure of Fate;
Well pleas'd, once more to venture on his Side,
And prove that Faith again which had ſo oft been try'd.
The peaceful Fathers, who in Senates meet,
Approve an Enterpriſe ſo Juſt, ſo Great;
While with their Prince's Arms, their Voice thus join'd,
Gains half the Praiſe of having ſav'd Mankind.

Ev'n

Ev'n in a Circle, where like this, the Fair
Were met, the bright Aſſembly did declare
Their Houſe with one Conſent were for the War.
Each urg'd her Lover to unſheath his Sword,
And never ſpare a Man who broke his Word.
Thus fir'd, the Brave on to the Danger preſs;
Their Arms were crown'd Abroad with juſt Succeſs,
And bleſt at Home with Beauty and with Peace.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Tamerlane,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Bajazet, Emperor of the *Turks*,	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Axalla, an *Italian* Prince, General and Favourite of *Tamerlane*,	Mr. *Booth.*
Moneſes, a *Grecian* Prince, and a Chriſtian,	Mr. *Powell.*
Stratocles, his Friend,	Mr. *Pack.*
Prince of *Tanais*, Kinſman and General to *Tamerlane*,	Mr. *Fieldhouſe.*
Omar, a *Tartar* General,	Mr. *Freeman.*
Mirvan, *Parthian* Generals to *Tamerlane*,	Mr. *Cory.*
Zama, *Parthian* Generals to *Tamerlane*,	Mr. *Husbands.*
Haly, Favourite Eunuch to *Bajazet*,	Mr. *Baily.*
A *Turkiſh* Derviſe,	Mr. *Arnold.*

WOMEN.

Arpaſia, a *Grecian* Princeſs,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Selima, Daughter of *Bajazet*,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

Parthian and *Tartar* Soldiers.
Mutes belonging to *Bajazet.*
Other Attendants.

SCENE, *Tamerlane*'s Camp, near *Angoria* in *Galatia.*

TAMER-

TAMERLANE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *before* Tamerlane's *Tent.*

Enter the Prince of Tanais, Zama, *and* Mirvan.

Prince of TANAIS.

HAIL to the Sun! from whoſe returning Light
The chearful Soldier's Arms new Luſtre take,
To deck the Pomp of Battle. O, my Friends!
Was ever ſuch a glorious Face of War?
See, from this Height! how all *Galatia*'s Plains
With Nations numberleſs are cover'd o'er;
Who, like a Deluge, hide the Face of Earth,
And leave no Object in the vaſt Horizon,
But glitt'ring Arms, and Skies.

Zam. Our *Aſian* World.
From this important Day expects a Lord,
This Day they hope an end of all their Woes,
Of Tyranny, of Bondage, and Oppreſſion,
From our victorious Emp'ror, *Tamerlane.*

Mir.

Mir. Well has our holy *Alha* mark'd him out
The Scourge of lawleſs Pride, and dire Ambition,
The great Avenger of the groaning World.
Well has he worn the ſacred Cauſe of Juſtice
Upon his proſp'rous Sword: approving Heav'n
Still crown'd the Right'ous Warrior with Succeſs;
As if he ſaid, Go forth, and be my Champion,
Thou moſt like me of all my Works below.

Pr. No Luſt of Rule, the common Vice of Kings,
No furious Zeal inſpir'd by hot-brain'd Prieſts,
Ill hid beneath Religion's ſpecious Name,
E'er drew his temp'rate Courage to the Field:
But to redreſs an injur'd People's Wrongs,
To ſave the weak one from the ſtrong Oppreſſor,
Is all his end of War; and when he draws
The Sword to puniſh, like relenting Heav'n,
He ſeems unwilling to deface his Kind.

Mir. So rich his Soul in ev'ry virtuous Grace,
That, had not Nature made him great by Birth,
Yet all the Brave had ſought him for their Friend:
The Chriſtian Prince *Axalla*, nicely bred
In poliſh'd Arts of *European* Courts,
For him forſakes his native *Italy*,
And lives a happy Exile in his Service.

Pr. Pleas'd with the gentle Manners of that Prince,
Our mighty Lord is laviſh to his Friendſhip;
Tho' *Omar*, and the *Tartar* Lords repine,
And loudly tax their Monarch as too partial.

Zam. Ere the mid Hour of Night, from Tent to Tent,
Unweary'd, thro' the num'rous Hoſt he paſt,
Viewing with careful Eyes each ſev'ral Quarter;
Whilſt from his Looks as from Divinity,
The Soldiers took Preſage, and cry'd, Lead on,
Great *Alha*, and our Emperor, Lead on,
To Victory, and Everlaſting Fame.

Mir. Hear you of *Bajazet?*

Pr. Late in the Evening.

A Slave of near Attendance on his Perſon,
'Scap'd to our Camp: from him we learn'd, the Tyrant
With rage redoubled, for the Fight prepares;
Some accidental Paſſion fires his Breaſt,
(Love, as 'tis thought, for a fair *Grecian* Captive)
And adds new Horror to his native Fury:
For five returning Suns, ſcarce was he ſeen
By any the moſt favour'd of his Court,
But in laſcivious Eaſe among his Women,
Liv'd from the War retir'd; or elſe alone
In ſullen mood ſat meditating Plagues,
And Ruin to the World, 'till yeſter Morn,
Like Fire that lab'ring upwards rends the Earth,
He burſt with Fury from his Tent, commanding
All ſhould be ready for the Fight this Day.

Zam. I know his Temper well, ſince in his Court
Companion of the brave *Axalla*'s Embaſſy,
I oft obſerv'd him Proud, impatient
Of ought Superior, e'en of Heav'n that made him.
Fond of falſe Glory, of the ſavage Pow'r
Of ruling without Reaſon, of Confounding
Juſt and Unjuſt, by an unbounded Will;
By whom Religion, Honour, all the Bands
That ought to hold the jarring World in Peace,
Were held the Tricks of State, Snares of wiſe Princes
To draw their eaſy Neighbours to Deſtruction.

Mir. Thrice, by our Law and Prophet, has he ſworn
By the World's Lord, and Maker, laſting Peace
With our great Maſter, and his Royal Friend
The *Grecian* Emperor; as oft regardleſs
Of plighted Faith, with moſt Un-kingly Baſeneſs,
H' has ta'en th' Advantage of their abſent Arms,
Without a War proclaim'd, or Cauſe pretended,
To waſte with Sword and Fire their fruitful Fields:
Like ſome accurſed Fiend, who 'ſcap'd from Hell,
Poiſons the balmy Air thro' which he flies,
He blaſts the bearded Corn, and loaded Branches,

The

The lab'ring Hind's beſt Hopes, and marks his Way with [Ruin.
Pr. But ſee! his Fate, the mighty *Tamerlane*
Comes like the Proxy of inquiring Heav'n,
To Judge, and to Redreſs. [*Flouriſh of Trumpets.*
Enter Tamerlane, *Guards, and other Attendants.*
Tam. Yet, yet a little, and deſtructive Slaughter
Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous Proſpect;
Paſs but an Hour, which ſtands betwixt the Lives
Of Thouſands and Eternity: What Change
Shall haſty Death make in yon glitt'ring Plain?
Oh thou fell Monſter, War! that in a Moment
Lay'ſt waſte the nobleſt Part of the Creation,
The Boaſt and Maſter-piece of the Great Maker,
That wears in vain th' Impreſſion of his Image,
Unprivileg'd from thee.
Health to our Friends, and to our Arms Succeſs,
[*To the Prince,* Zama, *and* Mirvan.
Such as the Cauſe, for which we fight, deſerves.
Pr. Nor can we ask beyond what Heav'n beſtows,
Preventing ſtill our Wiſhes. See, great Sir,
The univerſal Joy your Soldiers wear,
Omen of proſp'rous Battle.
Impatient of the tedious Night, in Arms
Watchful they ſtood, expecting op'ning Day;
And now are hardly by their Leaders held
From darting on the Foe; like a hot Courſer,
That bounding paws the mould'ring Soil, diſdaining
The Rein that checks him, eager for the Race.
Tam. Yes, Prince, I mean to give a looſe to War:
This Morn *Axalla*, with my *Parthian* Horſe,
Arrives to join me: He, who like a Storm
Swept with his flying Squadrons all the Plain
Between *Angoria*'s Walls and yon tall Mountains,
That ſeem to reach the Clouds; and now he comes
Loaden with Spoils, and Conqueſt to my Aid.
[*Flouriſh of Trumpets.*
Zam. Theſe Trumpets ſpeak his Preſence——

Enter

Enter Axalla *with Soldiers.* Moneſes, Stratocles *and* Selima *Priſoners.* [Axalla *kneels to* Tamerlane.]

Tam. Welcome! thou worthy Partner of my Laurels,
Thou Brother of my Choice, a Band more Sacred
Than Nature's brittle Tye. By holy Friendſhip!
Glory and Fame ſtood ſtill for thy Arrival,
My Soul ſeem'd wanting in its better half,
And languiſh'd for thy Abſence, like a Prophet,
That waits the Inſpiration of his God.

Ax. My Emperor! my ever Royal Maſter!
To whom my ſecret Soul more lowly bends,
Than Forms of outward Worſhip can expreſs;
How poorly does your Soldier pay this Goodneſs,
Who wears his every Hour of Life out for you?
Yet 'tis his All, and what he has he offers;
Nor now diſdain t'accept the Gift he brings,
This Earneſt of your Fortune. See, my Lord,
The nobleſt Prize, that ever grac'd my Arms:
Approach, my Fair———

Tam. This is indeed to Conquer,
And well to be rewarded for thy Conqueſt;
The Bloom of opening Flow'rs, unſully'd Beauty,
Softneſs, and ſweeteſt Innocence ſhe wears,
And looks like Nature in the World's firſt Spring;
But ſay, *Axalla*———

Sel. Moſt Renown'd in War, [*Kneeling to* Tam.
Look with Compaſſion on a captive Maid,
Tho' born of Hoſtile Blood; nor let my Birth,
Deriv'd from *Bajazet*, prevent that Mercy,
Which every Subject of your Fortune finds:
War is the Province of Ambitious Man,
Who tears the miſerable World for Empire;
Whilſt our weak Sex, incapable of Wrong,
On either ſide claims Privilege of Safety.

Tam. [*Raiſing her.*] Riſe Royal Maid, the Pride of haughty Pow'r
Pays Homage, not receives it from the Fair;
Thy angry Father fiercely calls me forth,

And

And urges me unwillingly to Arm;
Yet, tho' our frowning Battles menace Death
And mortal Conflict, think not that we hold
Thy Innocence and Virtue as our Foe.
Here, till the Fate of *Aſia* is decided,
In Safety ſtay. To-morrow is your own,
Nor grieve for who may Conquer, or who Loſe;
Fortune on either ſide ſhall wait thy Wiſhes.

Sel. Where ſhall my Wonder and my Praiſe begin!
From the ſucceſsful Labours of thy Arms?
Or from a Theme more ſoft, and full of Peace,
Thy Mercy, and thy Gentleneſs? oh, *Tamerlane!*
What can I pay thee for this noble Uſage
But grateful Praiſe? So Heav'n itſelf is paid.
Give Peace, ye Pow'rs above, Peace to Mankind;
Nor let my Father wage unequal War,
Againſt the Force of ſuch united Virtues. [Proſpect

Tam. Heav'n hear thy pious Wiſh!——But ſince our
Looks darkly on Futurity, till Fate
Determine for us, let thy Beauty's Safety
Be my *Axalla*'s Care; in whoſe glad Eyes
I read what Joy the pleaſing Service gives him,
Is there amongſt thy other Pris'ners ought [*To* Axalla.
Worthy our Knowledge?

Ax. This brave Man, my Lord, [*Pointing to* Mon.
With long Reſiſtance held the Combat doubtful:
His Party, preſt with Numbers, ſoon grew faint,
And would have left their Charge an eaſy Prey:
Whilſt he alone, undaunted at the odds,
Tho' hopeleſs to eſcape, fought well and firmly:
Nor yielded, till o'ermatch'd by many Hands,
He ſeem'd to ſhame our Conqueſt, whilſt he own'd it.

Tam. Thou ſpeak'ſt him as a Soldier ſhould a Soldier,
Juſt to the Worth he finds. I would not war [*To* Mon.
With ought that wears thy virtuous Stamp of Greatneſs:
Thy Habit ſpeaks thee Chriſtian——Nay, yet more,
My Soul ſeems pleas'd to take Acquaintance with thee,

As

As if ally'd to thine: Perhaps 'tis Sympathy
Of honeſt Minds; like Strings wound up in Muſick,
Where by one Touch, both utter the ſame Harmony:
Why art thou then a Friend to *Bajazet?*
And why my Enemy?

Mon. If Human Wiſdom
Could point out every Action of our Lives,
And ſay, Let it be thus, in ſpite of Fate,
Or partial Fortune, then I had not been
The Wretch I am.

Tam. The Brave meet every Accident
With equal Minds: Think nobler of thy Foes,
Than to account thy Chance in War an Evil.

Mon. Far, far from that; I rather hold it grievous
That I was forc'd ev'n but to ſeem your Enemy;
Nor think the Baſeneſs of a vanquiſh'd Slave
Moves me to flatter for precarious Life,
Or ill-bought Freedom, when I ſwear by Heav'n!
Were I to chooſe from all Mankind a Maſter,
It ſhould be *Tamerlane.*

Tam. A noble Freedom
Dwells with the Brave, unknown to fawning Sycophants,
And claims a Privilege of being believ'd.
I take thy Praiſe as Earneſt of thy Friendſhip.

Mon. Still you prevent the Homage I ſhould offer.
O Royal Sir! let my Misfortunes plead,
And wipe away the hoſtile Mark I wore.
I was, when not long ſince my Fortune hail'd me,
Bleſs'd to my Wiſh, I was the Prince *Moneſes*;
Born and bred up to Greatneſs; witneſs the Blood,
Which thro' ſucceſſive Heroes Veins ally'd
To our *Greek* Emperors, roll'd down to me,
Feeds the bright Flame of Glory in my Heart. [me,

Tam. Ev'n that! that Princely Tye ſhould bind thee to
If Virtue were not more than all Alliance.

Mon. I have a Siſter (Oh ſevere Remembrance!)
Our Noble Houſe's, nay, her Sex's Pride:

Nor

Nor think my Tongue too laviſh, if I ſpeak her
Fair as the Fame of Virtue, and yet Chaſte
As its cold Precepts, wiſe beyond her Sex
And blooming Youth; ſoft as forgiving Mercy,
Yet greatly Brave, and jealous for her Honour:
Such as ſhe was, to ſay I barely lov'd her,
Is poor to my Soul's meaning: From our Infancy
There grew a mutual Tenderneſs between us,
Till not long ſince her Vows were kindly plighted
To a young Lord, the Equal of her Birth.
The happy Day was fix'd and now approaching,
When faithleſs *Bajazet* (upon whoſe Honour,
In ſolemn Treaty given, the *Greeks* depended)
With ſudden War broke in upon the Country,
Secure of Peace, and for Defence unready.

Tam. Let Majeſty no more be held Divine,
Since Kings, who are call'd Gods, profane themſelves.

Mon. Among the Wretches, whom that Deluge ſwept
Away to Slavery, myſelf and Siſter,
Then paſſing near the Frontiers to the Court,
(Which waited for her Nuptials) were ſurpris'd,
And made the Captives of the Tyrant's Power.
Soon as we reach'd his Court, we found our Uſage
Beyond what we expected, fair and noble;
'Twas then the Storm of your victorious Arms
Look'd black, and ſeem'd to threaten, when he preſt me
(By oft repeating Inſtances) to draw
My Sword for him: But when he found my Soul
Diſdain'd his Purpoſe, he more fiercely told me,
That my *Arpaſia*, my lov'd Siſter's Fate
Depended on my Courage ſhewn for him.
I had long learnt to hold myſelf at nothing;
But for her ſake, to ward the Blow from her,
I bound my Service to the Man I hated.
Six Days are paſt, ſince by the Sultan's Order
I left the Pledge of my Return behind,
And went to guard this Princeſs to his Camp:

The

The reſt the brave *Axalla*'s Fortune tells you.

Tam. Wiſely the Tyrant ſtrove, to prop his Cauſe
By leaguing with thy Virtue: but juſt Heav'n
Has torn thee from his Side, and left him naked
To the avenging Bolt that drives upon him:
Forget the Name of Captive, and I wiſh
I could as well reſtore that Fair One's Freedom,
Whoſe Loſs hangs heavy on thee: Yet ere Night
Perhaps we may deſerve thy Friendſhip nobler;
Th'approaching Storm may caſt thy Shipwreck'd Wealth
Back to thy Arms: Till that be paſt, ſince War
(Tho' in the juſteſt Cauſe) is ever doubtful,
I will not ask thy Sword to aid my Victory,
Leſt it ſhould hurt that Hoſtage of thy Valour
Our common Foe detains.

Mon. Let *Bajazet*
Bend to his Yoke repining Slaves by force,
You, Sir, have found a nobler way to Empire,
Lord of the willing World.

Tam. Oh, my *Axalla!*
Thou haſt a tender Soul, apt for Compaſſion,
And art thyſelf a Lover and a Friend:
Does not this Prince's Fortune move thy Temper?

Ax. Yes; Sir, I mourn the brave *Moneſes*' Fate;
The Merit of his Virtue hardly match'd
With diſadvent'rous Chance: Yet, Prince, allow me,
Allow me, from th'Experience of a Lover,
To ſay; one Perſon, whom your Story mention'd,
(If he ſurvive) is far beyond you wretched:
You nam'd the Bridegroom of your beauteous Siſter.

Mon. I did: Oh, moſt accurſt!

Ax. Think what he feels,
Daſh'd in the Fierceneſs of his Expectation;
Then when th'approaching Minute of Poſſeſſion
Had wound Imagination to the height,
Think if he lives!——

Mon. He lives, he does; 'tis true

He

He lives; but how? To be a Dog, and dead,
Were Paradiſe to ſuch a State as his:
He holds down Life as Children do a Potion,
With ſtrong Reluctance and convulſive Strugglings,
Whilſt his Misfortunes preſs him to diſgorge it.

Tam. Spare the Remembrance; 'tis an uſeleſs Grief,
And adds to the Misfortune by repeating it.
The Revolution of a Day may bring
Such Turns, as Heav'n itſelf could ſcarce have promis'd,
Far, far beyond thy Wiſh: Let that Hope cheer thee.
Haſte, my *Axalla*, to diſpoſe, with Safety,
Thy beauteous Charge, and on the Foe revenge
The Pain, which Abſence gives; thy other Care,
Honour and Arms, now ſummon thy Attendance;
Now do thy Office well, my Soul, remember
Thy Cauſe; the Cauſe of Heaven and injur'd Earth.
O thou Supreme! if thy Great Spirit warms
My glowing Breaſt, and fires my Soul to arms,
Grant that my Sword, aſſiſted by thy Pow'r,
This Day may Peace and Happineſs reſtore,
That War and lawleſs Rage may vex the World no more.

[*Exeunt* Tamerlane, Moneſes, Stratocles, *Prince of* Tanais, Zama, Mirvan, *and Attendants.*

Manent Axalla, *and* Selima *with Soldiers.*

Ax. The Battle calls, and bids me haſte to leave thee,
Oh, *Seliman!* — But let Deſtruction wait:
Are there not Hours enough for Blood and Slaughter?
This Moment ſhall be Love's, and I will waſte it
In ſoft Complainings, for thy Sighs and Coldneſs,
For thy forgetful Coldneſs; even at *Birza*,
When in thy Father's Court my Eyes firſt own'd thee,
Fairer than Light, the Joy of their beholding,
Even then thou wert not thus.

Sel. Art not thou chang'd?
Chriſtian *Axalla:* Art thou ſtill the ſame?
Thoſe were the gentle Hours of Peace, and thou
The World's good Angel, that didſt kindly join

Its

Its mighty Maſters in harmonious Friendſhip:
But ſince thoſe Joys, that once were ours, are loſt,
Forbear to mention 'em, and talk of War;
Talk of thy Conqueſts and my Chains, *Axalla.*
Ax. Yet I will liſten, fair unkind Upbraider,
Yet I will liſten to thy charming Accents,
Altho' they make me curſe my Fame and Fortune,
My Laurel-wreaths, and all the glorious Trophies,
For which the Valiant bleed—Oh! thou unjuſt one,
Doſt thou then envy me this ſmall Return
My niggard Fate has made for all the Mournings,
For all the Pains, for all the ſleepleſs Nights
That cruel Abſence brings?
Sel. Away, Deceiver!
I will not hear thy Soothing: Is it thus
That Chriſtian Lovers prove the Faith they ſwear?
Are War and Slavery the ſoft Endearments
With which they court the Beauties they admire?
'Twas well my Heart was cautious of believing
Thy Vows, and thy Proteſting. Know, my Conqueror,
Thy Sword has vanquiſh'd but the half of *Selima*,
Her Soul diſdains thy Victory.
Ax. Hear, ſweet Heav'n,
Hear the fair Tyrant, how ſhe wreſts Love's Laws,
As ſhe had vow'd my Ruin! What is Conqueſt?
What Joy have I from that, but to behold thee,
To kneel before thee, and with lifted Eyes
To view thee, as Devotion does a Saint,
With awful, trembling Pleaſure: Then to ſwear
Thou art the Queen and Miſtreſs of my Soul?
Has not ev'n *Tamerlane* (whoſe Word next Heav'n's,
Makes Fate at ſecond hand) bid thee diſclaim
Thy Fears? And doſt thou call thyſelf a Slave?
Only to try how far the ſad Impreſſion
Can ſink into *Axalla!*
Sel. Oh *Axalla!*
Ought I to hear you?

Ax. Come back, ye Hours,
And tell my *Selima* what ſhe has done:
Bring back the time, when to her Father's Court
I came Ambaſſador of Peace from *Tamerlane*;
When hid by conſcious Darkneſs and Diſguiſe,
I paſt the Dangers of the watchful Guards;
Bold as the Youth who nightly ſwam the *Helleſpont*:
Then, then ſhe was not ſworn the Foe of Love;
When, as my Soul confeſt its Flame, and ſu'd
In moving Sounds for Pity, ſhe frown'd rarely,
But, bluſhing, heard me tell the gentle Tale:
Nay, ev'n confeſt, and told me ſoftly, ſighing,
She thought there was no Guilt in Love like mine.

Sel. Young, and unskilful in the World's falſe Arts,
I ſuffer'd Love to ſteal upon my Softneſs,
And warm me with a lambent guiltleſs Flame:
Yes, I have heard thee ſwear a thouſand times,
And call the conſcious Pow'rs of Heav'n to witneſs
The tend'reſt, trueſt, everlaſting Paſſion:
But, Oh! 'tis paſt; and I will charge Remembrance
To baniſh the fond Image from my Soul:
Since thou art ſworn the Foe of Royal *Bajazet*,
I have reſolv'd to hate thee.

Ax. Is it poſſible!
Hate is not in thy Nature: thy whole Frame
Is Harmony, without one jarring Atom.
Why doſt thou force thy Eyes to wear this Coldneſs?
It damps the Springs of Life. Oh! bid me die,
Much rather bid me die, if it be true,
That thou haſt ſworn to hate me.——

Sel. Let Life and Death
Wait the Deciſion of the bloody Field;
Nor can thy Fate (my Conqueror) depend
Upon a Woman's Hate. Yet ſince you urge
A Power, which once perhaps I had, there is
But one Requeſt, that I can make with Honour.

Ax. O! name it! ſay!——

Sel.

Sel. Forego your Right of War,
And render me this inſtant to my Father.

Ax. Impoſſible!——The Tumult of the Battle,
That haſtes to join, cuts off all means of Commerce
Betwixt the Armies.

Sel. Swear then to perform it,
Which way ſoe'er the Chance of War determines,
On my firſt Inſtance.

Ax. By the ſacred Majeſty
Of Heaven, to whom we kneel, I will obey thee;
Yes, I will give thee this ſevereſt Proof
Of my Soul's vow'd Devotion, I will part with thee;
(Thou Cruel, to command it?) I will part with thee,
As Wretches that are doubtful of Hereafter,
Part with their Lives, unwilling, loth and fearful,
And trembling at Futurity. But is there nothing:
No ſmall Return that Honour can afford
For all this waſte of Love?

Sel. The Gifts of Captives
Wear ſomewhat of Conſtraint; and generous Minds
Diſdain to give, where freedom of the Choice
Does but ſeem wanting.

Ax. What! no one kind Look? [* *Trumpets.*
Then thou art chang'd indeed. * Hark I am ſumm'on'd,
And thou wilt ſend me forth like one unbleſs'd;
Whom Fortune has forſaken, and ill Fate
Mark'd for Deſtruction. Thy ſurpriſing Coldneſs
Hangs on my Soul, and weighs my Courage down;
And the firſt feeble Blow I meet ſhall raze me
From all Remembrance: Nor is Life or Fame
Worthy my Care, ſince I am loſt to thee. [*Going.*

Sel. Ha! Goeſt thou to the Fight!———

Ax. I do.———Farewel!———

Sel. What! and no more! A Sigh heaves in my Breaſt,
And ſtops the ſtruggling Accents on my Tongue,
Elſe, ſure, I ſhould have added ſomething more,
And made our Parting ſofter.

Ax. Give it way.
The niggard Honour, that affords not Love,
Forbids not Pity ———

Sel. Fate perhaps has ſet
This Day, the Period of thy Life, and Conqueſts;
And I ſhall ſee thee borne at Evening back,
A breathleſs Coarſe;——Oh! Can I think on that,
And hide my Sorrows?—No—they will have way,
And all the Vital Air, that Life draws in,
Is render'd back in Sighs.

Ax. The murm'ring Gale revives the drooping Flame,
That at thy Coldneſs languiſh'd in my Breaſt;
So breathe the gentle Zephyrs on the Spring,
And waken every Plant, and od'rous Flower,
Which Winter Froſt has blaſted, to new-Life.

Sel. To ſee thee for this Moment, and no more.——
Oh! help me to reſolve againſt this Tenderneſs,
That charms my fierce Reſentments, and preſents thee
Not as thou art, mine and my Father's Foe,
But as thou wert, when firſt thy moving Accents
Won me to hear; when, as I liſten'd to thee,
The happy Hours paſt by us unperceiv'd,
So was my Soul fix'd to the ſoft Enchantment.

Ax. Let me be ſtill the ſame; I am, I muſt be.
If it were poſſible my Heart could ſtray,
One Look from thee would call it back again,
And fix the Wanderer for ever thine.

Sel. Where is my boaſted Reſolution now?
[*Sinking into his Arms.*
Oh! Yes! Thou art the ſame; my Heart joins with thee,
And to betray me will believe thee ſtill:
It dances to the Sounds that mov'd it firſt,
And owns at once the Weakneſs of my Soul:
So when ſome skilful Artiſt ſtrikes the Strings,
The magick Numbers rouze our ſleeping Paſſions,
And force us to confeſs our Grief, and Pleaſure.
Alas! *Axalla*, ſay——doſt thou not pity

My

My artleſs Innocence, and eaſy Fondneſs?
Oh! turn thee from me, or I die with bluſhing.
Ax. No — let me rather gaze, for ever gaze,
And bleſs the new-born Glories that adorn thee;
From every Bluſh, that kindles in thy Cheeks,
Ten thouſand little Loves and Graces ſpring,
To revel in the Roſes — 't wo' not be, [*Trumpets.*
This envious Trumpet calls, and tears me from thee —
Sel. My Fears increaſe, and doubly preſs me now:
I charge thee, if thy Sword comes croſs my Father,
Stop for a Moment, and remember me.
Ax. Oh! doubt not, but his Life ſhall be my Care,
Ev'n dearer than my own ——
Sel. Guard that for me too.
Ax. Oh! *Selima!* thou haſt reſtor'd my Quiet,
The noble Ardour of the War, with Love
Returning, brightly burns within my Breaſt,
And bids me be ſecure of all hereafter.
So chears ſome pious Saint a dying Sinner,
(Who trembled at the thought of Pains to come)
With Heav'n's Forgiveneſs, and the Hopes of Mercy:
At length the Tumult of his Soul appeas'd,
And every Doubt and anxious Scruple eas'd,
Boldly he proves the dark, uncertain Road,
The Peace, his holy Comforter beſtow'd,
Guides, and protects him like a Guardian God. [*Exit.*

Manent Salima *and Guards.*

Sel. In vain all Arts a Love-ſick Virgin tries,
Affects to frown, and ſeems ſeverely wiſe,
In hopes to cheat the wary Lover's Eyes.
If the dear Youth her Pity ſtrives to move,
And pleads with tenderneſs, the Cauſe of Love;
Nature aſſerts her Empire in her Heart,
And kindly takes the faithful Lover's Part.
By Love, herſelf, and Nature thus betray'd,
No more ſhe truſts in Pride's fantaſtick Aid,
But bids her Eyes confeſs the yielding Maid.

[*Exit* Selima, *Guards following.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, Tamerlane's *Camp*.

Enter Moneſes.

Mon. THE dreadful Buſineſs of the War is over:
And Slaughter, that, from yeſter Morn 'till Even,
With Giant Steps, paſt ſtriding o'er the Field,
Beſmear'd and horrid with the Blood of Nations,
Now weary ſits among the mangled Heaps,
And ſlumbers o'er her Prey; while from this Camp
The chearful Sounds or Victory, and *Tamerlane*,
Beat the high Arch of Heav'n: deciding Fate,
That Crowns him with the Spoils of ſuch a Day,
Has giv'n it as an Earneſt of the World
That ſhortly ſhall be his. [*Enter* Stratocles.
My *Stratocles!*
Moſt happily return'd; might I believe
Thou bring'ſt me any Joy?

Stra. With my beſt Diligence,
This Night, I have enquir'd of what concerns you.
Scarce was the Sun, who ſhone upon the Horror
Of the paſt Day, ſunk to the Weſtern Ocean,
When by permiſſion from the Prince *Axalla*,
I mixt among the Tumult of the Warriors,
Returning from the Battle: Here a Troop
Of hardy *Parthians* red with honeſt Wounds,
Confeſt the Conqueſt, they had well deſerv'd:
There a dejected Crew of wretched Captives,
Sore with unprofitable Hurts, and groaning
Under new Bondage, follow'd ſadly after
The haughty Victor's heels: but that, which fully
Crown'd the Succeſs of *Tamerlane*, was *Bajazet*,
Fall'n like the proud Archangel, from the Height,
Where once (even next to Majeſty Divine)
Enthron'd he ſat, down to the vile Deſcent

And

And lowneſs of a Slave; but oh! to ſpeak
The Rage, the Fierceneſs, and the Indignation!——
It bars all Words, and cuts Deſcription ſhort.

Mon. Then he is fall'n! that Comet which, on high,
Portended Ruin; he has ſpent his Blaze,
And ſhall diſtract the World with Fears no more:
Sure it muſt bode me well, for oft my Soul
Has ſtarted into Tumult at his Name,
As if my Guardian Angel took th' Alarm,
At the Approach of ſomewhat mortal to me:
But ſay, my Friend, what hear'ſt thou of *Arpaſia?*
For there my Thoughts, my every Care is center'd.

Stra. Tho' on that purpoſe ſtill I bent my Search,
Yet nothing certain could I gain, but this,
That in the Pillage of the Sultan's Tent
Some Women were made Pris'ners, who this Morning
Were to be offer'd to the Emperor's View;
Their Names, and Qualities, tho' oft enquiring,
I could not learn.

Mon. Then muſt my Soul ſtill labour
Beneath Uncertainty, and anxious Doubt,
The Mind's worſt State. The Tyrant's Ruin gives me
But a Half-Eaſe.

Stra. 'Twas ſaid, not far from hence
The Captives were to wait the Emperor's Paſſage.

Mon. Haſte me to find the Place. Oh! my *Arpaſia!*
Shall we not meet? Why hangs my Heart thus heavy
Like Death within my Boſom! Oh! 'tis well,
The Joy of Meeting pays the Pangs of Abſence,
Elſe who could bear it?
When thy lov'd Sight ſhall bleſs my Eyes again,
Then I will own, I ought not to complain,
Since that ſweet Hour is worth whole Years of Pain.

[*Exeunt* Moneſes, *and* Stratocles.

SCENE II. *The Inſide of a Magnificent Tent.*
Symphony of Warlike Muſick.

Enter Tamerlane, Axalla, *Prince of* Tanais, Zama, Mirvan, *Soldiers and other Attendants.*

Ax. From this auſpicious Day the *Parthian* Name
Shall date its Birth of Empire, and extend
Ev'n from the dawning Eaſt to utmoſt *Thule*
The Limits of its Sway.

Pr. of T. Nations unknown,
Where yet the *Roman* Eagles never flew,
Shall pay their Homage to Victorious *Tamerlane*,
Bend to his Valour, and ſuperior Virtue,
And own, that Conqueſt is not given by Chance,
But, bound by fatal and reſiſtleſs Merit,
Waits on his Arms.

Tam. It is too much: you dreſs me
Like an Uſurper in the borrow'd Attributes
Of injur'd Heav'n: Can we call Conqueſt ours?
Shall Man, this Pygmy, with a Giant's Pride
Vaunt of himſelf, and ſay, Thus have I done this?
Oh! vain Pretence to Greatneſs! Like the Moon,
We borrow all the Brightneſs, which we boaſt,
Dark in our ſelves, and uſeleſs. If that Hand
That rules the Fate of Battles ſtrike for us,
Crown us with Fame, and gild our Clay with Honour;
'Twere moſt ungrateful to diſown the Benefit,
And arrogate a Praiſe which is not ours.

Ax. With ſuch unſhaken Temper of the Soul
To bear the ſwelling Tide of proſp'rous Fortune,
Is to deſerve that Fortune: In Adverſity
The Mind grows tough by buffetting the Tempeſt;
Which, in Succeſs diſſolving, ſinks to Eaſe,
And loſes all her Firmneſs.

Tam. Oh! *Axalla!*
Could I forget I am a Man, as thou art,

Would

Would not the Winter's Cold, or Summer's Heat,
Sickneſs, or Thirſt, and Hunger, all the Train
Of Nature's clamorous Appetites, aſſerting
An Equal Right in Kings and common Men,
Reprove me daily?——No——If I boaſt of ought,
Be it, to have been Heaven's happy Inſtrument,
The means of Good to all my Fellow-Creatures;
This is a King's beſt Praiſe.

Enter Omar.

Om. Honour and Fame [*Bowing to* Tamerlane.
For ever wait the Emperor; may our Prophet
Give him ten thouſand thouſand Days of Life,
And every Day like this. The Captive Sultan,
Fierce in his Bonds, and at his Fate repining,
Attends your ſacred Will.

Tam. Let him approach.

Enter Bajazet *and other* Turkiſh *Priſoners in Chains, with a Guard of Soldiers.*

When I ſurvey the Ruins of this Field,
The wild Deſtruction, which thy fierce Ambition
Has dealt among Mankind, (ſo many Widows
And helpleſs Orphans has thy Battle made,
That half our Eaſtern World this day are Mourners)
Well may I, in behalf of Heav'n and Earth,
Demand from thee Atonement for this Wrong.

Baj. Make thy Demand to thoſe that own thy Pow'r,
Know I am ſtill beyond it; and tho' Fortune
(Curſe on that Changeling Deity of Fools!)
Has ſtript me of the Train and Pomp of Greatneſs,
That out-ſide of a King, yet ſtill my Soul,
Fixt high, and of itſelf alone dependant,
Is ever Free and Royal, and ev'n now,
As at the head of Battle, does defy thee:
I know what Pow'r the Chance of War has giv'n,
And dare thee to the Uſe on't. This vile Speeching,
This After-game of Words, is what moſt irks me;
Spare that, and for the reſt 'tis equal all——

Be it as it may.

Tam. Well was it for the World,
When on their Borders Neighbouring Princes met,
Frequent in Friendly Parle, by cool Debates
Preventing wasteful War; such should our meeting
Have been, had'st thou but held in just regard
The Sanctity of Leagues so often sworn to.
Canst thou believe thy Prophet, or, what's more,
That Pow'r Supreme, which made thee, and thy Prophet,
Will, with Impunity, let pass that Breach
Of sacred Faith giv'n to the Royal *Greek?*

Baj. Thou Pedant Talker! ha! art thou a King
Possest of sacred Pow'r, Heav'n's darling Attribute,
And dost thou prate of Leagues, and Oaths, and Prophets?
I hate the *Greek* (Perdition on his Name!)
As I do thee, and would have met you both,
As Death does human Nature, for Destruction.

Tam. Causeless to hate is not of human kind;
The savage Brute, that haunts in Woods remote,
And Desart Wilds, tears not the fearful Traveller,
If Hunger, or some Injury, provoke not.

Baj. Can a King want a Cause, when Empire bids
Go on? what is he born for but Ambition?
It is his Hunger, 'tis his Call of Nature,
The Noble Appetite which will be satisfy'd,
And like the Food of Gods, make him immortal.

Tam. Henceforth I will not wonder we were Foes,
Since Souls that differ so, by Nature hate,
And strong Antipathy forbids their Union.

Baj. The noble Fire that warms me does indeed
Transcend thy Coldness, I am pleas'd we differ,
Nor think alike.

Tam. No——for I think like Man,
Thou like a Monster from whose baleful Presence
Nature starts back; and tho' she fix'd her Stamp
On thy rough Mass, and mark'd thee for a Man,

Now

Now conſcious of her Error, ſhe diſclaims thee,
As form'd for her Deſtruction.———
'Tis true, I am a King, as thou haſt been:
Honour and Glory too have been my Aim;
But tho' I dare face Death, and all the Dangers,
Which furious War wears in its bloody Front,
Yet would I chooſe to fix my Name by Peace,
By Juſtice, and by Mercy; and to raiſe
My Trophies on the Bleſſings of Mankind;
Nor would I buy the Empire of the World
With Ruin of the People whom I ſway,
Or Forfeit of my Honour.

Baj. Prophet, I thank thee.———
Damnation!——Could'ſt thou rob me of my Glory,
To dreſs up this tame King, this preaching *Derviſe?*
Unfit for War, thou ſhould'ſt have liv'd ſecure
In lazy Peace, and with debating Senates
Shar'd a precarious Scepter, ſat tamely ſtill,
And let bold Factions canton out thy Pow'r,
And wrangle for the Spoils they robb'd thee of;
Whilſt I (curſe on the Power that ſtops my Ardour!)
Would, like a Tempeſt, ruſh amidſt the Nations,
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like *Alba*,
My angry Thunder on the frighted World.

Tam. The World!—'twould be too little for thy Pride:
Thou would'ſt ſcale Heav'n.——

Baj. I would:———Away! my Soul
Diſdains thy Conference.

Tam. Thou vain, raſh Thing,
That, with gigantick Inſolence, haſt dar'd
To lift thy wretched ſelf above the Stars,
And mate with Pow'r Almighty: Thou art fallen!

Baj. 'Tis falſe! I am not fall'n from ought I have been:
At leaſt my Soul reſolves to keep her State,
And ſcorns to take Acquaintance with ill Fortune.

Tam. Almoſt beneath my Pity art thou fall'n;
Since, while th' avenging Hand of Heav'n is on thee,
And preſſes to the Duſt thy ſwelling Soul,

Fool-hardy, with the ſtronger thou contendeſt;
To what vaſt Heights had thy tumultuous Temper
Been hurry'd, if Succeſs had crown'd thy Wiſhes;
Say, what had I to expect, if thou had'ſt conquer'd?

Baj. Oh, Glorious Thought! By Heav'n! I will enjoy it;
Tho' but in Fancy; Imagination ſhall
Make room to entertain the vaſt Idea.
Oh! had I been the Maſter but of Yeſterday,
The World, the World had felt me; and for thee,
I had us'd thee, as thou art to me, — a Dog,
The Object of my Scorn, and mortal Hatred:
I would have taught thy Neck to know my Weight,
And mounted from that Footſtool to my Saddle:
Then, when thy daily ſervile Task was done,
I would have cag'd thee, for the Scorn of Slaves,
'Till thou hadſt begg'd to die; and ev'n that Mercy
I had deny'd Thee: Now thou know'ſt my Mind,
And queſtion me no farther.

Tam. Well doſt thou teach me
What Juſtice ſhould exact from thee: Mankind
With one Conſent cry out for Vengeance on thee;
Loudly they call, to cut off this League-breaker,
This wild Deſtroyer, from the Face of Earth.

Baj. Do it, and rid thy ſhaking Soul at once
Of its worſt Fear.

Tam. Why ſlept the Thunder,
That ſhould have arm'd the Idol Deity,
And given thee Power, ere yeſter Sun was ſet,
To ſhake the Soul of *Tamerlane*: Hadſt thou an Arm
To make thee fear'd, thou ſhould'ſt have prov'd it on me,
Amidſt the Sweat and Blood of yonder Field,
When, thro' the Tumult of the War, I ſought thee,
Fenc'd in with Nations.

Baj. Curſe upon the Stars,
That fated us to different Scenes of Slaughter!
Oh! could my Sword have met thee!———

Tam. Thou hadſt then,
As now, been in my Pow'r, and held thy Life

Depen-

Dependent on my Gift——Yes *Bajazet*,
I bid thee, Live.——So much my Soul diſdains,
That thou ſhould'ſt think, I can fear ought but Heav'n:
Nay more; could'ſt thou forget thy brutal Fierceneſs,
And form thyſelf to Manhood, I would bid thee,
Live, and be ſtill a King, that thou may'ſt learn
What Man ſhould be to Man, in War remembring
The common Tye, and Brotherhood of Kind.
This Royal Tent, with ſuch of thy Domeſticks
As can be found, ſhall wait upon thy Service;
Nor will I uſe my Fortune, to demand
Hard Terms of Peace, but ſuch as thou may'ſt offer
With Honour, I with Honour may receive.*

[* Tamerlane *ſigns to an Officer, who unbinds* Bajazet. [blaſt me,

Baj. Ha! ſay'ſt thou—no!—our Prophet's Vengeance
If thou ſhalt buy my Friendſhip with thy Empire.
Damnation on thee! thou ſmooth fawning Talker!
Give me again my Chains, that I may curſe thee,
And gratify my Rage: Or, if thou wilt
Be a vain Fool, and play with thy Perdition,
Remember I'm thy Foe, and hate thee deadly.
Thy Folly on thy Head!

Tam. Be ſtill my Foe.
Great Minds (like Heav'n) are pleas'd in doing good,
Tho' the ungrateful Subjects of their Favours
Are barren in return: Thy ſtubborn Pride,
That ſpurns the gentle Office of Humanity,
Shall in my Honour own, and thy Deſpite,
I have done, as I ought. Virtue ſtill does
With Scorn the Mercenary World regard,
Where abject Souls do good, and hope Reward:
Above the worthleſs Trophies Men can raiſe,
She ſeeks not Honours, Wealth, nor airy Praiſe,
But with herſelf, Herſelf, the Goddeſs pays.

[*Exeunt* Tamerlane, Axalla, *Prince of* Tanais, Mirvan, Zama, *and Attendants.*

Manent:

Manent Bajazet, Omar, *Guards.*

Baj. Come, lead me to my Dungeon; plunge me down
Deep from the hated Sight of Man, and Day,
Where, under Covert of the friendly Darkneſs,
My Soul may brood, at leiſure, o'er its Anguiſh.
Om. Our Royal Maſter wou'd, with noble Uſage,
Make your Misfortunes light: he bids you hope,——
Baj. I tell thee, Slave, I have ſhook hands with Hope,
And all my Thoughts are Rage, Deſpair, and Horror.

Enter Haly, Arpaſia, *and Women Attendants.*

Ha! wherefore am I thus?——Perdition ſeize me!
But my cold Blood runs ſhiv'ring to my Heart,
As at ſome Fantom, that in dead of Night,
With dreadful Action ſtalks around our Beds.
The Rage and fiercer Paſſions of my Breaſt
Are loſt in new Confuſion.—*Arpaſia*——*Haly!*
Ha. Oh Emperor! for whoſe hard Fate our Prophet,
And all the Heroes of thy ſacred Race
Are ſad in Paradiſe, thy faithful *Haly*,
The Slave of all thy Pleaſures, in this Ruin,
This Univerſal Shipwreck of thy Fortunes,
Has gather'd up this Treaſure for thy Arms:
Nor ev'n the Victor, haughty *Tamerlane*,
(By whoſe Command, once more thy Slave beholds thee)
Denies this Bleſſing to thee, but with Honour
Renders thee back thy Queen, thy beauteous Bride.
Baj. Oh! had her Eyes, with pity, ſeen my Sorrows,
Had ſhe the ſoftneſs of a tender Bride,
Heav'n cou'd not have beſtow'd a greater Bleſſing,
And Love had made amends for loſs of Empire.
But ſee, what Fury dwells upon her Charms!
What Lightning flaſhes from her angry Eyes!
With a malignant Joy ſhe views my Ruin:
Even Beauteous in her Hatred, ſtill ſhe charms me,
And awes my fierce tumultuous Soul to Love.
Arp. And dar'ſt thou hope, thou Tyrant! Raviſher!
That Heav'n has any Joy in ſtore for thee?

Look

Look back upon the Sum of thy paſt Life,
Where Tyranny, Oppreſſion, and Injuſtice,
Perjury, Murders, ſwell the black Account,
Where loſt *Arpaſia*'s Wrongs ſtand bleeding freſh,
Thy laſt recorded Crime; but Heav'n has found thee,
At length the tardy Vengeance has o'erta'en thee.
My weary Soul ſhall bear a little longer
The Pain of Life, to call for Juſtice on thee.
That once complete, ſink to the peaceful Grave,
And loſe the Memory of my Wrongs and Thee.

Baj. Thou rail'ſt! I thank thee for it—Be perverſe,
And muſter all the Woman in thy Soul;
Goad me with Curſes, be a very Wife,
That I may fling off this tame Love, and hate thee.

Enter Moneſes. [take alarm

[Bajazet *ſtarting.*] Ha!—Keep thy Temper, Heart; nor
At a Slave's Preſence.

Mon. It is *Arpaſia!*——Leave me, thou cold Fear.
Sweet as the roſy Morn ſhe breaks upon me,
And Sorrow, like the Night's unwholſom Shade,
Gives way before the Golden Dawn ſhe brings.

Baj. [*Advancing towards him.*] Ha, Chriſtian! Is it well that we meet thus?
Is this thy Faith?

Mon. Why does thy frowning Brow
Put on this Form of Fury? Is it ſtrange
We ſhould meet here Companions in Misfortune,
The Captives of one common Chance of War?
Nor ſhouldſt thou wonder, that my Sword has fail'd
Before the Fortune of Victorious *Tamerlane*,
When thou with Nations like the ſanded Shore,
With half the warring World upon thy Side,
Could'ſt not ſtand up againſt his dreadful Battle,
That cruſh'd thee with its Shock. Thy Men can witneſs,
Thoſe Cowards, that forſook me in the Combat,
My Sword was not unactive.

Baj. No, ——'tis falſe,

Where

Where is my Daughter, thou vile *Greek?* thou haſt
Betray'd her to the *Tartar*; or even worſe,
Pale with thy Fears, didſt loſe her like a Coward:
And like a Coward now, wouldſt caſt the blame
On Fortune, and ill Stars.

Mon. Ha! ſaid'ſt thou like a Coward?
What Sanctity, what Majeſty Divine
Haſt thou put on, to guard thee from my Rage?
That thus thou dar'ſt to wrong me.

Baj. Out, thou Slave,
And know me for thy Lord———

Mon. I tell thee, Tyrant,
When in the Pride of Power thou ſit'ſt on high,
When like an Idol thou wert vainly worſhipp'd,
By proſtrate Wretches, born with ſlaviſh Souls:
Ev'n when thou wert a King, thou wert not more,
Nor greater than *Moneſes*; born of a Race
Royal, and Great as thine: What art thou then?
The Fate of War has ſet thee with the Loweſt;
And Captives (like the Subjects of the Grave)
Loſing Diſtinction, ſerve one common Lord.

Baj. Brav'd by this Dog! now give a looſe to Rage,
And curſe thy ſelf, curſe thy falſe cheating Prophet.
Ha! yet there's ſome Revenge. Hear me, thou Chriſtian;
Thou left'ſt that Siſter with me:—Thou Impoſtor!
Thou Boaſter of thy Honeſty! Thou Liar!
But take her to thee back.
Now to explore my Priſon———If it holds
Another Plague like this, the reſtleſs Damn'd
(If *Muſties* lye not) wander thus in Hell:
From ſcorching Flames to chilling Froſts they run,
Then from their Froſts to Fires return again,
And only prove variety of Pain.

[*Exeunt* Bajazet *and* Haly.

Arp. Stay, *Bajazet*, I charge thee by my Wrongs!
Stay and unfold a Tale of ſo much Horror,
As only fits thy telling——Oh, *Moneſes!*

Mon.

Mon. Why doſt thou weep? why this tempeſtuous Paſſion,
That ſtops thy falt'ring Tongue ſhort on my Name?
Oh, ſpeak! unveil this Myſtery of Sorrow,
And draw the diſmal Scene, at once, to ſight.

Arp. Thou art undone, loſt, ruin'd, and undone!

Mon. I will not think 'tis ſo, while I have thee,
While thus 'tis given to fold thee in my Arms;
For while I ſigh upon thy panting Boſom,
The ſad Remembrance of paſt Woes is loſt.

Arp. Forbear to ſooth thy Soul with flatt'ring Thoughts
Of Evils overpaſt, and Joys to come:
Our Woes are like the genuine Shade beneath,
Where Fate cuts off the very Hopes of Day,
And everlaſting Night and Horror reign.

Mon. By all the Tenderneſs, and chaſte Endearments
Of our paſt Love, I charge thee, my *Arpaſia*,
To eaſe my Soul of Doubts; give me to know
At once the utmoſt Malice of my Fate.

Arp. Take then thy wretched Share in all I ſuffer,
Still Partner of my Heart. Scarce hadſt thou left
The Sultan's Camp, when the Imperious Tyrant,
Soft'ning the Pride and Fierceneſs of his Temper,
With gentle Speech made offer of his Love.
Amaz'd, as at the Shock of ſudden Death,
I ſtarted into Tears, and often urg'd
(Tho' ſtill in vain) the difference of our Faiths:
At laſt, as flying to the utmoſt Refuge,
With lifted Hands, and ſtreaming Eyes, I own'd
The Fraud; which when we firſt were made his Pris'ners,
Conſcious of my unhappy Form, and fearing
For thy dear Life, I forc'd thee to put on
Thy borrow'd Name of Brother, mine of Siſter:
Hiding beneath that Veil the nearer Tie,
Our mutual Vows had made before the Prieſt.
Kindling to Rage at hearing of my Story,
Then, Be it ſo, he cry'd. Think'ſt thou thy Vows
Giv'n to a Slave ſhall bar me from thy Beauties?

Then

Then bade the Prieſt pronounce the Marriage Rites,
Which he perform'd; whilſt ſhrieking with Deſpair,
I call'd in vain the Pow'rs of Heav'n to aid me.

Mon. Villain! Imperial Villain!—Oh, the Coward!
Aw'd by his Guilt, tho' back'd by Force and Power,
He durſt not to my Face avow his Purpoſe;
But in my Abſence like a lurking Thief
Stole on my Treaſure, and at once undid me.

Arp. Had they not kept me from the means of Death,
Forgetting all the Rules of Chriſtian Suffering,
I had done a deſp'rate Murder on my Soul,
Ere the rude Slaves, that waited on his Will,
Had forc'd me to his ———

Mon. Stop thee there, *Arpaſia*,
And bar my Fancy from the guilty Scene;
Let not Thought enter, leſt the buſy Mind
Should muſter ſuch a Train of monſtrous Images,
As would diſtract me. Oh! I cannot bear it.
Thou lovely Hoard of Sweets, where all my Joys
Were treaſur'd up, to have thee rifled thus!
Thus torn untaſted from my eager Wiſhes!
But I will have thee from him. *Tamerlane*
(The Sovereign Judge of Equity on Earth)
Shall do me Juſtice on this mighty Robber,
And render back thy Beauties to *Moneſes*.

Arp. And who ſhall render back my Peace, my Honour,
The ſpotleſs Whiteneſs of my Virgin Soul?
Ah! no, *Moneſes*———think not I will ever
Bring a polluted Love to thy chaſte Arms:
I am the Tyrant's Wife. Oh, fatal Title!
And, in the ſight of all the Saints, have ſworn,
By Honour, Womanhood, and bluſhing Shame,
To know no ſecond Bride-bed but my Grave.

Mon. I ſwear it muſt not be, ſince ſtill my Eye
Finds thee as heav'nly white, as Angel pure,
As in the earlieſt Hours of Life thou wert.
Nor art thou his but mine; thy firſt Vow's mine,
Thy Soul is mine ———

Arp.

Arp. Oh! think not, that the Pow'r
Of moſt perſuaſive Eloquence can make me
Forget I've been another's, been his Wife;
Now by my Bluſhes! by the ſtrong Confuſion,
And Anguiſh of my Heart! ſpare me, *Moneſes*,
Nor urge my trembling Virtue to the Precipice.
Shortly, (oh! very ſhortly) if my Sorrows
Divine aright, and Heav'n be gracious to me,
Death ſhall diſſolve the fatal Obligation,
And give me up to Peace, to that bleſt Place
Where the Good reſt from Care and anxious Life.

Mon. Oh! teach me, thou fair Saint, like thee to ſuffer:
Teach me, with hardy Piety, to combat
The preſent Ills; inſtruct my Eyes to paſs
The narrow Bounds of Life, this Land of Sorrow,
And with bold Hopes to view the Realms beyond,
Thoſe diſtant Beauties of the future State.
Tell me, *Arpaſia*, —— ſay, what Joys are thoſe,
That wait to crown the Wretch who ſuffers here:
Oh! tell me, and ſuſtain my failing Faith.

Arp. Imagine ſomewhat exquiſitely fine,
Which Fancy cannot paint, which the pleas'd Mind
Can barely know, unable to deſcribe it;
Imagine, 'tis a Tract of endleſs Joys,
Without Satiety, or Interruption;
Imagine 'tis to meet, and part no more.

Mon. Grant, gentle Heav'n, that ſuch may be our Lot!
Let us be bleſt together. — Oh! my Soul!
Build on that Hope, and let it arm thy Courage,
To ſtruggle with the Storm, that parts us now.

Arp. Yes! my *Moneſes*, now the Surges riſe,
The Swelling Sea breaks in between our Barks,
And drives us to our Fate on different Rocks.
Farewel —— my Soul lives with thee. ——

Mon. Death is parting,
'Tis the laſt ſad Adieu 'twixt Soul and Body,
But this is ſomewhat worſe—my Joy, my Comfort,
All that was left in Life, fleets after thee.

My

My aking Sight hangs on thy parting Beauties,
Thy lovely Eyes all drown'd in Floods of Sorrow!
So ſinks the ſetting Sun beneath the Waves,
And leaves the Traveller in pathleſs Woods,
Benighted and forlorn——Thus with ſad Eyes
Weſtward he turns, to mark the Light's Decay,
Till having loſt the laſt faint Glimpſe of Day,
Chearleſs, in Darkneſs, he purſues his Way.

[*Exeunt* Moneſes *and* Arpaſia *ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Inſide of the Royal Tent.*

Enter Axalla, Selima, *and Women Attendants.*

Ax. CAN there be ought in Love, beyond this Proof,
This wondrous Proof, I give thee of my Faith?
To tear thee from my bleeding Boſom thus?
To rend the Strings of Life, to ſet thee free,
And yield thee to a cruel Father's Power,
Foe to my Hopes? What canſt thou pay me back,
What but thy ſelf (thou Angel) for this Fondneſs?

Sel. Thou doſt upbraid me, Beggar as I am,
And urge me with my Poverty of Love.
Perhaps thou think'ſt, 'tis nothing for a Maid
To ſtruggle through the Niceneſs of her Sex,
The Bluſhes and the Fears, and own ſhe loves:
Thou think'ſt, 'tis nothing for my artleſs Heart
To own my Weakneſs and confeſs thy Triumph.

Ax. Oh? yes, I own it; my charm'd Ears ne'er knew
A Sound of ſo much Rapture, ſo much Joy.
Not Voices, Inſtruments, not warbling Birds,
Not Winds, not murm'ring Waters join'd in Conſort,
Not tuneful Nature, not th' according Spheres
Utter ſuch Harmony, as when my *Selima*
With down-caſt Looks, and Bluſhes, ſaid, — I love —

Sel.

Sel. And yet thou ſay'ſt, I am a Niggard to thee:
I ſwear the Balance ſhall be held between us,
And Love be Judge, if after all the Tenderneſs,
Tears and Confuſion of my Virgin Soul,
Thou ſhould'ſt complain of ought, unjuſt *Axalla!*

Ax. Why was I ever bleſt? — Why is Remembrance
Rich with a thouſand pleaſing Images
Of paſt Enjoyments, ſince 'tis but to plague me?
When thou art mine no more, what will it eaſe me
To think of all the golden Minutes paſt,
To think, that thou wert kind, and I was happy?
But like an Angel fall'n from Bliſs, to curſe
My preſent State, and mourn the Heav'n I've loſt.

Sel. Hope better for us both; nor let thy Fears,
Like an unlucky Omen, croſs my Way:
My Father rough and ſtormy in his Nature,
To me was always gentle, and with Fondneſs
Paternal, ever met me with a Bleſſing.
Oft when Offence had ſtirr'd him to ſuch Fury,
That not grave Counſellors for Wiſdom fam'd,
Nor hardy Captains that had fought his Battles,
Preſum'd to ſpeak, but ſtruck with awful Dread,
Were huſh'd as Death; yet has he ſmil'd on me,
Kiſs'd me, and bade me utter all my Purpoſe;
Till, with my idle Prattle, I had ſooth'd him,
And won him from his Anger.

Ax. Oh! I know,
Thou haſt a Tongue to charm the wildeſt Tempers:
Herds would forget to graze, and ſavage Beaſts
Stand ſtill and loſe their Fierceneſs, but to hear thee,
As if they had Reflexion, and by Reaſon
Forſook a leſs Enjoyment for a greater.
But oh! when I revolve each Circumſtance,
My Chriſtian Faith, my Service cloſely bound
To *Tamerlane* my Maſter, and my Friend:
Tell me (my Charmer) if my Fears are vain?
Think what remains for me, if the fierce Sultan
Should doom thy Beauties to another's Bed?

Sel.

Sel. 'Tis a ſad Thought; but to appeaſe thy Doubts,
Here in the awful Sight of Heav'n, I vow,
No Pow'r ſhall e'er divide me from thy Love,
Ev'n Duty ſhall not force me to be falſe.
My cruel Stars may tear thee from my Arms,
But never from my Heart; and when the Maids
Shall yearly come with Garlands of freſh Flow'rs,
To mourn with pious Office o'er my Grave,
They ſhall ſit ſadly down, and weeping tell,
How well I lov'd, how much I ſuffer'd for thee,
And while they grieve my Fate, ſhall praiſe my Conſtancy.

Ax. But ſee the Sultan comes! — my beating Heart
Bounds with exulting Motion; Hope and Fear
Fight with alternate Conqueſt in my Breaſt.
Oh! Can I give her from me? Yield her up?
Now mourn, thou God of Love, ſince Honour triumphs,
And crowns his cruel Altars with thy Spoils.

Enter Bajazet.

Baj. To have a nauſeous Courteſy forc'd on me
Spite of my Will by an inſulting Foe,———
Ha! they would break the Fierceneſs of my Temper,
And make me ſupple for their ſlaviſh Purpoſe:
Curſe on their fawning Arts; from Heav'n itſelf
I wou'd not on ſuch Terms receive a Benefit,
But ſpurn it back upon the Giver's Hand.

Sel. My Lord; my Royal Father! } Sel. *comes forward*
Baj. Ha! what art thou? } *and kneels to* Bajaz.
What heavenly Innocence? that in a Form
So known, ſo lov'd, haſt left thy Paradiſe,
For joyleſs Priſon, for this Place of Woe!
Art thou *Selima?*

Sel. Have you forgot me?
Alas, my Piety is then in vain;
Your *Selima*, your Daughter whom you lov'd,
The Fondling once of her dear Father's Arms,
Is come to claim her Share in his Misfortunes;
To wait and tend him with obſequious Duty;
To ſit, and weep for every Care he feels;

To

To help to wear the tedious Minutes out,
To ſoften Bondage, and the Loſs of Empire.
Baj. Now by our Prophet! If my wounded Mind
Could know a Thought of Peace, it would be now;
Even from thy prating Infancy thou wert
My Joy, my little Angel; ſmiling Comfort
Came with thee ſtill to glad me: Now I'm curs'd
Ev'n in thee too; Reproach and Infamy
Attend the Chriſtian Dog, to whom thou wert truſted:
To ſee thee here! —— 'twere better ſee thee dead.
Ax. Thus *Tamerlane* to Royal *Bajazet*,
With Kingly Greeting ſends: Since with the Brave,
(The bloody Bus'neſs of the Fight once ended)
Stern Hate and Oppoſition ought to ceaſe;
Thy Queen already to thy Arms reſtor'd,
Receive this ſecond Gift, thy Beauteous Daughter:
And if there be ought farther in thy Wiſh,
Demand with Honour, and obtain it freely.
Baj. Bear back thy fulſom Greeting to thy Maſter,
Tell him, I'll none on't: Had he been a God,
All his Omnipotence could not reſtore
My Fame diminiſh'd, Loſs of ſacred Honour,
The Radiancy of Majeſty eclips'd.
For ought beſides, it is not worth my Care;
The Giver and his Gifts are both beneath me.
Ax. Enough of War the wounded Earth has known;
Weary at length and waſted with Deſtruction,
Sadly ſhe rears her ruin'd Head, to ſhew
Her Cities humbled, and her Countries ſpoil'd,
And to her mighty Maſters ſues for Peace.
Oh, Sultan! by the Pow'r Divine I ſwear!
With Joy I wou'd reſign the ſavage Trophies
In Blood and Battle gain'd, could I atone
The fatal Breach 'twixt thee and *Tamerlane*;
And think a Soldier's Glory well beſtow'd,
To buy Mankind a Peace.
Baj. And what art thou?
That doſt preſume to mediate 'twixt the Rage

Of angry Kings?

Ax. A Prince, born of the nobleſt,
And of a Soul that anſwers to that Birth,
That dares not but do well. Thou doſt put on
A forc'd Forgetfulneſs, thus not to know me,
A Gueſt ſo lately to thy Court, then meeting
On gentler Terms.———

Sel. Could ought efface the Merit
Of brave *Axalla*'s Name, yet when your Daughter
Shall tell, how well, how nobly ſhe was us'd;
How light this Gallant Prince made all her Bondage;
Moſt ſure the Royal *Bajazet* will own
That Honour ſtands indebted to ſuch Goodneſs,
Nor can a Monarch's Friendſhip more than pay it. [well--

Baj. Ha! Know'ſt thou that, fond Girl?---Go---'tis not
And when thou cou'dſt deſcend to take a Benefit
From a vile Chriſtian, and thy Father's Foe,
Thou didſt an Act diſhoneſt to thy Race;
Henceforth, unleſs thou mean'ſt to cancel all
My Share in thee, and write thyſelf a Baſtard;
Die, ſtarve, know any Evil, any Pain,
Rather than taſte a Mercy from theſe Dogs.

Sel. Alas! *Axalla!*

Ax. Weep not, lovely Maid;
I ſwear, one pearly Drop from thoſe fair Eyes
Would over-pay the Service of my Life;
One Sigh from thee has made a large Amends
For all thy angry Father's Frowns and Fierceneſs.

Baj. Oh! my curſt Fortune!—am I fall'n thus low?
Diſhonour'd to my Face? thou Earth-born thing,
Thou Clod! how haſt thou dar'd to lift thy Eyes
Up to the Sacred Race of mighty *Ottoman?*
Whom Kings, whom e'en our Prophet's holy Offspring
At diſtance have beheld; and what art thou?
What glorious Titles blazon out thy Birth?
Thou vile Obſcurity! Ha!——ſay——thou baſe one.

Ax. Thus challeng'd Virtue, modeſt as ſhe is,
Stands up to do herſelf a common Juſtice.

To anſwer, and aſſert that inborn Merit,
That Worth, which conſcious to herſelf ſhe feels.
Were Honour to be ſcann'd by long Deſcent,
From Anceſtors illuſtrious, I could vaunt
A Lineage of the greateſt, and recount
Among my Fathers, Names of ancient Story,
Heroes and God-like Patriots, who ſubdu'd
The World by Arms and Virtue, and being *Romans*
Scorn'd to be Kings; but that be their own Praiſe:
Nor will I borrow Merit from the Dead;
Myſelf an Undeſerver. I could prove
My Friendſhip ſuch, as thou might'ſt deign t'accept
With Honour, when it comes with friendly Office,
To render back thy Crown, and former Greatneſs:
And yet e'en this, e'en all is poor, when *Selima*
With matchleſs Worth weighs down the adverſe Scale.

Baj. To give me back what yeſterday took from me,
Wou'd be to give like Heav'n, when having finiſh'd
This World, (the goodly Work of his Creation)
He bid his Favourite Man be Lord of all.
But this———

Ax. Nor is this Gift beyond my Power;
Oft has the mighty Maſter of my Arms
Urg'd me with large Ambition to demand
Crowns and Dominions from his bounteous Power:
'Tis true I wav'd the Proffer, and have held it
The worthier Choice, to wait upon his Virtues,
To be the Friend and Partner of his Wars,
Than to be *Aſia*'s Lord: Nor wonder then,
If in the Confidence of ſuch a Friendſhip,
I promiſe boldly for the Royal Giver,
Thy Crown, and Empire.

Baj. For our Daughter thus
Mean'ſt thou to barter? ha! I tell thee, Chriſtian,
There is but one, one Dowry, thou canſt give,
And I can ask, worthy my Daughter's Love.

Ax. Oh! name the mighty Ranſom, taſk my Pow'r,
Let there be Danger, Difficulty, Death,

T'en-

T'enhance the Price.

Baj. I take thee at thy Word.
Bring me the *Tartar*'s Head.

Ax. Ha!

Baj. Tamerlane's,
That Death, that deadly Poiſon to my Glory.

Ax. Prodigious! Horrid!

Sel. Loſt! for ever loſt! [elſe?

Baj. And cou'dſt thou hope to bribe me with ought
With a vile Peace patch'd up on ſlaviſh Terms?
With tributary Kingſhip? —— No —— To merit
A Recompence from me, ſat my Revenge.
The *Tartar* is my Bane, I cannot bear him;
One Heav'n and Earth can never hold us both;
Still ſhall we hate, and with Defiance deadly
Keep Rage alive, till one be loſt for ever;
As if two Suns ſhould meet in the Meridian,
And ſtrive in fiery Combat for the Paſſage.
Weep'ſt thou, fond Girl? Now as thy King, and Father,
I charge thee, drive this Slave from thy Remembrance:
Hate ſhall be pious in thee; * come and join
To curſe thy Father's Foes. *[*Laying hold on her Hand.*

Sel. Undone for ever!
Now Tyrant Duty, art thou yet obey'd?
There is no more to give thee. Oh *Axalla!*

[Bajazet *leads out* Selima, *ſhe looking back on* Axalla.

Ax. 'Tis what I fear'd; Fool that I was t'obey:
The Coward Love, that could not bear her Frown,
Has wrought his own undoing. Perhaps e'en now,
The Tyrant's Rage prevails upon her Fears.
Fiercely he ſtorms, ſhe weeps, and ſighs, and trembles,
But ſwears at length, to think on me no more.
He bade me take her. — But, oh gracious Honour!
Upon what Terms? My Soul yet ſhudders at it,
And ſtands but half recover'd of her Fright.
The Head of *Tamerlane!* monſtrous Impiety!
Bleed, bleed to Death, my Heart, be Virtue's Martyr.
Oh, Emperor, I own I ought to give thee

Some

Some nobler Mark, than Dying, of my Faith.
Then let the Pains I feel my Friendſhip prove,
'Tis eaſier far to die, than ceaſe to love. [*Exit* Axalla.

SCENE II. Tamerlane's *Camp.*

Enter ſeverally Moneſes, *and Prince of* Tanais.

Mon. If I not preſs untimely on his Leiſure,
You would much bind a Stranger to your Service,
To give me Means of Audience from the Emperor.
Pr. Moſt willingly, tho' for the preſent Moment
We muſt intreat your Stay; he holds him private.
Mon. His Council, I preſume.
Pr. No; the Affair
Is not of Earth, but Heav'n——a Holy Man,
(One whom our Prophet's Law calls ſuch) a *Derviſe*
Keeps him in Conference.
Mon. Hours of Religion,
Eſpecially of Princes, claim a Reverence,
Nor will be interrupted.
Pr. What his Buſineſs
Imports, we know not: but with earneſt Sute
This Morn he begg'd Admittance. Our great Maſter
(Than whom none bows more lowly to high Heav'n)
In reverend Regard holds all that bear
Relation to Religion, and, on notice
Of his Requeſt, receiv'd him on the Inſtant.
Mon. We will attend his Pleaſure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tamerlane, *and a* Derviſe.

Tam. Thou bring'ſt me thy Credentials from the Higheſt,
From *Alha*, and our Prophet: Speak thy Meſſage,
It muſt import the beſt and nobleſt Ends.
Der. Thus ſpeaks our Holy *Mahomet*, who has giv'n
To reign and conquer: Ill doſt thou repay [thee
The Bounties of his Hand, unmindful of
The Fountain, whence thy Streams of Greatneſs flow:

Thou haſt forgot high Heav'n, haſt beaten down,
And trampled on Religion's Sanctity.

Tam. Now, as I am a Soldier, and a King,
(The greateſt Names of Honour) do but make
Thy Imputation out, and *Tamerlane*
Shall do thee ample Juſtice on himſelf:
So much the Sacred Name of Heav'n awes me,
Cou'd I ſuſpect my Soul of harbouring ought
To its Diſhonour, I would ſearch it ſtrictly,
And drive th' offending Thought with Fury forth.

Der. Yes, thou haſt hurt our Holy Prophet's Honour,
By foſtering the pernicious Chriſtian Sect;
Thoſe, whom his Sword purſu'd with fell Deſtruction,
Thou tak'ſt into thy Boſom, to thy Councils;
They are thy only Friends: The true Believers
Mourn to behold thee favour this *Axalla*.

Tam. I fear me, thou out-go'ſt the Prophet's Order!
And bring'ſt his venerable Name to ſhelter
A Rudeneſs ill-becoming thee to uſe,
Or me to ſuffer. When thou nam'ſt my Friend,
Thou nam'ſt a Man beyond a Monk's diſcerning,
Virtuous, and Great, a Warrior, and a Prince.

Der. He is a Chriſtian; there our Law condemns him,
Altho' he were even all thou ſpeak'ſt, and more.

Tam. 'Tis falſe; no Law Divine condemns the Virtuous,
For differing from the Rules your Schools deviſe.
Look round, how Providence beſtows alike
Sunſhine and Rain, to bleſs the fruitful Year,
On different Nations, all of diff'rent Faiths;
And (tho' by ſeveral Names and Titles worſhipp'd)
Heav'n takes the various Tribute of their Praiſe;
Since all agree to own, at leaſt to mean,
One beſt, one greateſt, only Lord of All.
Thus when he view'd the many Forms of Nature,
He found that all was good, and bleſt the fair Variety.

Der. Moſt impious, and profane!—nay, frown not,
Full of the Prophet, I deſpiſe the Danger [Prince.
Thy angry Power may threaten: I command thee

To

To hear, and to obey; ſince thus ſays *Mahomet!*
Why have I made thee dreadful to the Nations?
Why have I giv'n thee Conqueſt? but to ſpread
My ſacred Law ev'n to the utmoſt Earth,
And make my Holy *Mecca* the World's Worſhip?
Go on, and whereſoe'er thy Arms ſhall proſper,
Plant there the Prophet's Name: with Sword and Fire
Drive out all other Faiths, and let the World
Confeſs him only.

Tam. Had he but commanded
My Sword to conquer all, to make the World
Know but one Lord, the Task were not ſo hard;
'Twere but to do what has been done already;
And *Philip*'s Son, and *Cæſar* did as much:
But to ſubdue th' unconquerable Mind,
To make one Reaſon have the ſame Effect
Upon all Apprehenſions; to force this,
Or this Man, juſt to think, as thou and I do;
Impoſſible! Unleſs Souls were alike
In all, which differ now like Human Faces.

Der. Well might the Holy Cauſe be carry'd on,
If *Muſſulmen* did not make War on *Muſſulmen.*
Why hold'ſt thou Captive a believing Monarch?
Now, as thou hop'ſt to 'ſcape the Prophet's Curſe,
Releaſe the Royal *Bajazet,* and join
With Force united, to deſtroy the Chriſtians.

Tam. 'Tis well — I've found the Cauſe that mov'd thy [Zeal.
What ſhallow Politician ſet thee on,
In hopes to fright me this way to Compliance?

Der. Our Prophet only.———

Tam. No —— thou doſt belie him,
Thou Maker of new Faiths! that dar'ſt to build
Thy fond Inventions on Religion's Name.
Religion's Luſtre is by native Innocence
Divinely pure, and ſimple from all Arts;
You daub, and dreſs her like a common Miſtreſs,
The Harlot of your Fancies; and by adding
Falſe Beauties, which ſhe wants not, make the World

Suſpect her Angel's Face is foul beneath,
And wo'not bear all Lights. Hence! I have found thee.
Der. I have but one reſort. Now aid me, Prophet. [*Aſide.*
Yet I have ſomewhat further to unfold;
Our Prophet ſpeaks to thee in Thunder——* thus ——
[* *The* Derviſe *draws a conceal'd Dagger, and offers to ſtab* Tamerlane.
Tam. No, Villain, Heav'n is watchful o'er its Wor- [ſhippers,
[*Wreſting the Dagger from him.*
And blaſts the Murderer's Purpoſe. Think thou, Wretch,
Think on the Pains that wait thy Crime, and tremble
When I ſhall doom thee ——
Der. 'Tis but Death at laſt,
And I will ſuffer greatly for the Cauſe
That urg'd me firſt to the bold Deed.
Tam. Oh, impious!
Enthuſiaſm thus makes Villains, Martyrs.
[*Pauſing.*] It ſhall be ſo—To die! 'twere a Reward——
Now learn the Difference 'twixt thy Faith and mine:
Thine bids thee lift thy Dagger to my Throat,
Mine can forgive the Wrong, and bid thee live.
Keep thy own wicked Secret, and be ſafe:
If thou continu'ſt ſtill to be the ſame,
'Tis Puniſhment enough to be a Villain:
If thou repent'ſt, I have gain'd one to Virtue,
And am, in that, rewarded for my Mercy.
Hence! from my Sight!——It ſhocks my Soul, to think
That there is ſuch a Monſter in my Kind. [*Exit* Derviſe.
Whither will Man's Impiety extend?
Oh gracious Heav'n! doſt thou withhold thy Thunder,
When bold Aſſaſſines take thy Name upon 'em,
And ſwear, they are the Champions of thy Cauſe?

Enter Moneſes.

Mon. Oh, Emperor! before whoſe awful Throne
Th' Afflicted never kneel in vain for Juſtice, { *kneeling*
Undone, and ruin'd, blaſted in my Hopes, { *to* Tam.
Here let me fall before your ſacred Feet,
And groan out my Misfortunes, till your Pity,

(The

(The laſt Support and Refuge that is left me)
Shall raiſe me from the Ground, and bid me live.
Tam. Riſe, Prince, nor let me reckon up thy Worth,
And tell, how boldly That might bid thee aſk,
Leſt I ſhould make a Merit of my Juſtice,
The common Debt I owe to thee, to All,
Ev'n to the meaneſt of Mankind, the Charter
By which I claim my Crown, and Heav'n's Protection:
Speak then as to a King, the Sacred Name
Where Pow'r is lodg'd, for Righteous Ends alone.
Mon. One only Joy, one Bleſſing, my fond Heart
Had fix'd its Wiſhes on, and that is loſt;
That Siſter, for whoſe Safety my ſad Soul
Endur'd a thouſand Fears. ——
Tam. I well remember,
When-e'er the Battle join'd, I ſaw thee firſt,
With Grief uncommon to a Brother's Love,
Thou told'ſt a moving Tale of her Misfortunes,
Such as beſpoke my Pity. Is there ought
Thou can'ſt demand from Friendſhip? ask and have it.
Mon. Firſt, oh! let me intreat your Royal Goodneſs.
Forgive the Folly of a Lover's Caution,
That forg'd a Tale of Falſhood to deceive you:
Said I, ſhe was my Siſter? —— Oh! 'tis falſe,
She holds a dearer Intereſt in my Soul,
Such as the cloſeſt Ties of Blood ne'er knew:
An Int'reſt, ſuch as Power, Wealth and Honour
Can't buy, but Love, Love only can beſtow;
She was the Miſtreſs of my Vows, my Bride,
By Contract mine; and long ere this the Prieſt
Had ty'd the Knot for ever, had not *Bajazet* ——
Tam. Ha! *Bajazet!* — If yet his Pow'r withholds
The Cauſe of all thy Sorrows, all thy Fears,
E'en Gratitude for once ſhall gain upon him,
Spite of his Savage Temper, to reſtore her.
This Morn a Soldier brought a Captive Beauty,
Sad tho' ſhe ſeem'd, yet of a Form moſt rare,
By much the nobleſt Spoil of all the Field:

E'en *Scipio*, or a Victor yet more cold,
Might have forgot his Virtue, at her ſight.
Struck with a pleaſing Wonder, I beheld her,
Till by a Slave that waited near her Perſon,
I learnt ſhe was the Captive Sultan's Wife;
Straight I forbid my Eyes the dangerous Joy
Of gazing long, and ſent her to her Lord.

Mon. There was *Moneſes* loſt,——Too ſure my Heart
(From the firſt mention of her wond'rous Charms)
Preſag'd it cou'd be only my *Arpaſia*.

Tam. Arpaſia! didſt thou ſay?

Mon. Yes, my *Arpaſia*.

Tam. Sure I miſtake, or fain I would miſtake thee.
I nam'd the Queen of *Bajazet*, his Wife.

Mon. His Queen! His Wife! He brings that Holy Title
To varniſh o'er the monſtrous Wrongs he has done me.

Tam. Alas! I fear me, Prince, thy Griefs are juſt;
Thou art indeed unhappy———

Mon. Can you pity me,
And not redreſs? *Oh, Royal *Tamerlane!* [**Kneeling.*
Thou Succour of the Wretched, reach thy Mercy,
To ſave me from the Grave, and from Oblivion;
Be gracious to the Hopes that wait my Youth.
Oh! let not Sorrow blaſt me, leſt I wither,
And fall in vile Diſhonour. Let thy Juſtice
Reſtore me my *Arpaſia*; give her back,
Back to my Wiſhes, to my Tranſports give her,
To my fond, reſtleſs, bleeding, dying Boſom;
Oh! give her to me yet while I have Life
To bleſs thee for the Bounty. Oh, *Arpaſia!*

Tam. Unhappy Royal Youth, why doſt thou aſk
What Honour muſt deny? Ha! Is ſhe not
His Wife, whom he has wedded, whom enjoy'd?
And would'ſt thou have my partial Friendſhip break
That Holy Knot, which ty'd once, all Mankind
Agree to hold Sacred, and Undiſſolveable?
The Brutal Violence would ſtain my Juſtice,
And brand me with a Tyrant's hated Name
To late Poſterity.

Mon.

Mon. Are then the Vows,
The Holy Vows we regiſter'd in Heav'n,
But common Air?

Tam. Could thy fond Love forget
The Violation of a firſt Enjoyment?——
But Sorrow has diſturb'd and hurt thy Mind.

Mon. Perhaps it has, and like an idle Madman,
That wanders with a Train of hooting Boys,
I do a thouſand things to ſhame my Reaſon.
Then let me fly, and bear my Follies with me
Far, far from the World's Sight; Honour and Fame,
Arms, and the glorious War ſhall be forgotten:
No noble Sound of Greatneſs, or Ambition,
Shall wake my drowſy Soul from her dead Sleep,
Till the laſt Trump do ſummon.

Tam. Let thy Virtue
Stand up, and anſwer to theſe warring Paſſions,
That vex thy manly Temper. From the Moment
When firſt I ſaw thee, ſomething wondrous noble
Shone thro' thy Form, and won my Friendſhip for thee,
Without the tedious Form of long Acquaintance;
Nor will I loſe thee poorly for a Woman.
Come droop no more, thou ſhalt with me purſue
True Greatneſs, till we riſe to Immortality;
Thou ſhalt forget theſe leſſer Cares, *Moneſes*,
Thou ſhalt, and help me to reform the World.

Mon. So the good Genius warns his mortal Charge,
To fly the evil Fate, that ſtill purſues him,
Till it have wrought his Ruin. Sacred *Tamerlane*,
Thy Words are as the Breath of Angels to me:
But oh! too deep the wounding Grief is fixt
For any Hand to heal.

Tam. This dull Deſpair
Is the Soul's Lazineſs: Rouſe to the Combat,
And thou art ſure to conquer. War ſhall reſtore thee:
The Sound of Arms ſhall wake thy martial Ardour,
And cure this amorous Sickneſs of thy Soul,
Begun by Sloth, and nurs'd by too much Eaſe;

The idle God of Love ſupinely dreams,
Amidſt inglorious Shades and purling Streams;
In roſy Fetters, and fantaſtick Chains,
He binds deluded Maids and ſimple Swains,
With ſoft Enjoyments, wooes 'em to forget
The hardy Toils, and Labours of the Great.
But if the warlike Trumpet's loud Alarms
To virtuous Acts excite, and manly Arms;
The Coward Boy avows his abject Fear,
On ſilken Wings Sublime he cuts the Air,
Scar'd at the noble Noiſe, and Thunder of the War.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Bajazet's *Tent.*

Enter Haly, *and the Derviſe.*

Ha. TO 'ſcape with Life from an Attempt like this,
Demands my Wonder juſtly.

Der. True, it may;
But 'tis a Principle of his new Faith;
'Tis what his Chriſtian Favourites have inſpir'd,
Who fondly make a Merit of Forgiveneſs,
And give their Foes a ſecond Opportunity,
If the firſt Blow ſhould miſs:——Failing to ſerve
The Sultan to my Wiſh, and e'en deſpairing
Of further means, t'effect his Liberty,
A lucky Accident retriev'd my Hopes.

Ha. The Prophet, and our Maſter will reward
Thy Zeal in their behalf: but ſpeak thy Purpoſe.

Der. Juſt ent'ring here I met the *Tartar* General,
Fierce *Omar.*

Ha. He commands (if I miſtake not)
This Quarter of the Army, and our Guards.

Der.

Der. The ſame; by his ſtern Aſpect, and the Fires
That kindled in his Eyes, I gueſs'd the Tumult
Some Wrong had rais'd in his tempeſtuous Soul;
A Friendſhip of old Date had giv'n me Privilege,
To ask of his Concerns; In ſhort I learn'd,
That burning for the Sultan's beauteous Daughter,
He had begg'd her, as a Captive of the War,
From *Tamerlane*; but meeting with Denial
Of what he thought his Services might claim,
Loudly he ſtorms, and curſes the *Italian*,
As Cauſe of this Affront: I join'd his Rage,
And added to his Injuries, the Wrongs
Our Prophet daily meets with from *Axalla*.
But ſee, he comes. Improve what I ſhall tell,
And all we wiſh is ours. — [*They ſeem to talk together aſide.*

Enter Omar.

Om. No——— if I forgive it,
Diſhonour blaſt my Name; was it for this
That I directed his firſt Steps to Greatneſs?
Taught him to climb, and made him what he is?
When our great *Cam* firſt bent his Eyes towards him,
(Then petty Prince of *Parthia*) and by me
Perſuaded, rais'd him to his Daughter's Bed,
Call'd him his Son, and Succeſſor of Empire:
Was it for this, that like a Rock I ſtood,
And ſtemm'd a Torrent of our *Tartar* Lords,
Who ſcorn'd his upſtart Sway? When *Calibes*
In bold Rebellion drew e'en half the Provinces
To own his Cauſe, I, like his better Angel,
Stood by his ſhaking Throne, and fixt it faſt;
And am I now ſo loſt to his Remembrance
That when I ask a Captive, he ſhall tell me,
She is *Axalla*'s Right, his Chriſtian Minion?

Der. Allow me, valiant *Omar*, to demand,
Since injur'd thus, why right you not your ſelf?
The Prize you ask is in your Power.

Om. It is,
And I will ſeize it in deſpite, of *Tamerlane*,

And that *Italian* Dog.

Ha. What need of Force,
When ev'ry thing concurs to meet your Wiſhes?
Our mighty Maſter would not wiſh a Son
Nobler than *Omar*; from a Father's Hand
Receive that Daughter, which ungrateful *Tamerlane*
Has to your Worth deny'd.

Om. Now by my Arms,
It will be great Revenge. What will your Sultan
Give to the Man that ſhall reſtore his Liberty,
His Crown, and give him Pow'r to wreck his Hatred
Upon his greateſt Foe?

Ha. All he can ask,
And far beyond his Wiſh.——— [*Trumpets.*

Om. Theſe Trumpets ſpeak
The Emperor's Approach; he comes once more,
To offer Terms of Peace; retire —— within
I will know farther, —— he grows deadly to me;
And curſe me, Prophet, if I not repay
His Hate, with Retribution full as mortal. [*Exeunt.*

Scene draws, diſcovers Arpaſia *lying on a Couch.*

A SONG to Sleep. By a Lady.

TO Thee, oh! gentle Sleep, alone
Is owing all our Peace,
By Thee our Joys are heighten'd ſhown,
By Thee our Sorrows ceaſe.
The Nymph, whoſe Hand, by Fraud or Force,
Some Tyrant has poſſeſs'd,
By Thee, obtaining a Divorce,
In her own Choice is bleſt.
Oh! ſtay; Arpaſia *bids thee ſtay,*
The ſadly weeping Fair
Conjures Thee, not to loſe in Day
The Object of her Care.

To

To graſp whoſe pleaſing Form ſhe ſought,
That Motion chas'd her Sleep;
Thus by ourſelves, are oftneſt wrought
The Griefs, for which we weep.

Arp. Oh! Death! thou gentle End of human Sorrows,
Still muſt my weary Eye-lids vainly wake
In tedious Expectation of thy Peace:
Why ſtand thy thouſand thouſand Doors ſtill open,
To take the Wretched in? if ſtern Religion
Guard every Paſſage, and forbids my Entrance?——
Lucrece could bleed, and *Portia* ſwallow Fire,
When urg'd with Griefs beyond a mortal Sufferance;
But here it muſt not be. Think then, *Arpaſia*,
Think on the ſacred Dictates of thy Faith,
And let that arm thy Virtue, to perform
What *Cato*'s Daughter durſt not, —— Live *Arpaſia*,
And dare to be unhappy.

Enter Tamerlane, *and Attendants.*

Tam. When Fortune ſmiles upon the Soldier's Arms,
And adds e'en Beauty to adorn his Conqueſt,
Yet ſhe ordains, the Fair ſhould know no Fears,
No Sorrows, to pollute their lovely Eyes;
But ſhould be us'd e'en nobly, as herſelf,
The Queen and Goddeſs of the Warrior's Vows.——
Such Welcome, as a Camp can give, fair Sultaneſs,
We hope you have receiv'd; it ſhall be larger,
And better as it may.

Arp. Since I have borne
That miſerable Mark of fatal Greatneſs,
I have forgot all Difference of Conditions,
Scepters and Fetters are grown equal to me,
And the beſt Change my Fate can bring is Death.

Tam. When Sorrow dwells in ſuch an Angel Form,
Well may we gueſs, that thoſe above are Mourners;
Virtue is wrong'd, and bleeding Innocence
Suffers ſome wondrous Violation here,
To make the Saints look ſad. Oh teach m Power

To

To cure thoſe Ills which you unjuſtly ſuffer,
Leſt Heav'n ſhould wreſt it from my idle Hand,
If I look on and ſee you weep in vain.

Arp. Not that my Soul diſdains the gen'rous Aid
Thy Royal Goodneſs proffers; but oh! Emperor,
It is not in my Fate to be made Happy:
Nor will I liſten to the Cos'ner, Hope;
But ſtand reſolv'd to bear the beating Storm,
That roars around me; ſafe in this alone,
That I am not Immortal.——Tho' 'tis hard,
'Tis wondrous hard, when I remember thee
(Dear Native *Greece*) and you, ye weeping Maids,
That were Companions of my Virgin Youth:
My noble Parents! Oh! the Grief of Heart!
The Pangs, that, for unhappy me, bring down
Their reverend Ages to the Grave with Sorrow:
And yet there is a Woe ſurpaſſing all;
Ye Saints and Angels, give me of your Conſtancy,
If you expect I ſhall endure it long.

Tam. Why is my Pity all that I can give,
To Tears like yours? And yet I fear 'tis all;
Nor dare I ask, what mighty Loſs you mourn,
Leſt Honour ſhould forbid to give it back.

Arp. No, *Tamerlane*, nor did I mean thou ſhouldſt.
But know (tho' to the Weakneſs of my Sex
I yield theſe Tears) my Soul is more than Man.
Think I am born a *Greek*, nor doubt my Virtue:
A *Greek!* from whoſe fam'd Anceſtors of old,
Rome drew the Patterns of her boaſted Heroes:
They muſt be mighty Evils that can vanquiſh
A *Spartan* Courage, and a Chriſtian Faith.

Enter Bajazet.

Baj. To know no Thought of Reſt! to have the Mind
Still miniſtring freſh Plagues! as in a Circle,
Where one Diſhonour treads upon another;
What know the Fiends beyond it?—* Ha! by Hell!

[**Seeing* Arp. *and* Tam.

There wanted only this to make me mad.

Comes

Comes he to triumph here? to rob my Love?
And violate the laſt Retreat of Happineſs?
Tam. But that I read upon thy frowning Brow,
That War yet lives, and rages in thy Breaſt;
Once more (in pity to the ſuff'ring World)
I meant to offer Peace.——
Baj. And mean'ſt thou too
To treat it with our Empreſs? and to barter
The Spoils, which Fortune gave thee, for her Favours?
Arp. What wou'd the Tyrant?— [*Aſide.*
Baj. Seek'ſt thou thus our Friendſhip?
Is this the Royal Uſage, thou didſt boaſt?
Tam. The boiling Paſſion that diſturbs thy Soul,
Spreads Clouds around, and makes thy Purpoſe dark—
Unriddle what thy myſtick Fury aims at.
Baj. Is it a Riddle?——Read it there explain'd,
There is my Shame. Now judge me thou, O Prophet,
And equal Heav'n, if this demand not Rage!
The Peaſant-Hind, begot and born to Slavery,
Yet dares aſſert a Husband's ſacred Right,
And guard his homely Couch from Violation.
And ſhall a Monarch tamely bear the Wrong,
Without complaining?
Tam. If I could have wrong'd thee,
If conſcious Virtue, and all-judging Heav'n
Stood not between, to bar ungovern'd Appetite,
What hinder'd, but in ſpite of thee, my Captive,
I might have us'd a Victor's boundleſs Power,
And ſated every Wiſh my Soul could form?
But to ſecure thy Fears, know, *Bajazet*,
This is among the Things I dare not do. [ſent?
Baj. By Hell! 'tis falſe; elſe, wherefore art thou pre-
What cam'ſt thou for, but to undo my Honour?
I found thee holding amorous Parley with her,
Gazing and gloting on her wanton Eyes,
And bargaining for Pleaſures yet to come;
My Life, I know, is the devoted Price;
But take it, I am weary of the Pain.

Tam.

Tam. Yet ere thou raſhly urge my Rage too far,
I warn thee to take heed: I am a Man,
And have the Frailties common to Man's Nature,
The fiery Seeds of Wrath are in my Temper,
And may be blown up to ſo fierce a Blaze,
As Wiſdom cannot rule. Know, thou haſt toucht me
Ev'n in the niceſt, tendereſt Part, my Honour.
My Honour! which, like Pow'r, diſdains being queſtion'd;
Thy Breath has blaſted my fair Virtue's Fame,
And mark'd me for a Villain, and a Tyrant.

Arp. And ſtand I here an idle Looker-on,
To ſee my Innocence murder'd and mangled
By barbarous Hands, nor can revenge the Wrong?
Art thou a Man, and dar'ſt thou uſe me thus? [*To* Baj.
Haſt thou not torn me from my Native Country?
From the dear Arms of my lamenting Friends?
From my Soul's Peace, and from my injur'd Love?
Haſt thou not ruin'd, blotted me for ever,
And driv'n me to the brink of black Deſpair;
And is it in thy Malice yet, to add
A Wound more deep, to ſully my white Name,
My Virtue?——

Baj. Yes, thou haſt thy Sex's Virtues,
Their Affectation, Pride, Ill-nature, Noiſe,
Proneneſs to change, e'en from the Joy that pleas'd 'em;
So gracious is your Idol, dear Variety,
That for another Love you would forego
An Angel's Form, to mingle with a Devil's;
Through ev'ry State, and Rank of Man you wander;
Till e'en your large Experience takes in all
The different Nations of the peopled Earth. [Tribe

Arp. Why ſought'ſt thou not from thy own Impious
A Wife, like one of theſe? for ſuch thy Race
(If humane Nature brings forth ſuch) affords.
Greece, for chaſte Virgins fam'd, and pious Matrons,
Teems not with Monſters, like your *Turkiſh* Wives;
Whom guardiam Eunuchs, haggard and deform'd,
Whom Walls and Bars make honeſt by Conſtraint.

Know,

Know, I deteſt, like Hell, the Crime thou mention'ſt:
Not that I fear, or reverence thee, thou Tyrant:
But that my Soul, conſcious of whence it ſprung,
Sits unpolluted in its ſacred Temple,
And ſcorns to mingle with a Thought ſo mean.

Tam. Oh Pity! that a Greatneſs ſo divine
Should meet a Fate ſo wretched, ſo unequal.——
Thou blind and wilful, to the Good that courts thee; [*To* Baj.
With open-handed Bounty Heav'n purſues thee,
And bids thee (undeſerving as thou art,
And monſtrous in thy Crimes) be happy yet:
Whilſt thou, in Fury, doſt avert the Bleſſings,
And art an evil Genius to thyſelf.

Baj. No—Thou! thou art my greateſt Curſe on Earth,
Thou, who haſt robb'd me of my Crown and Glory,
And now purſu'ſt me to the Verge of Life,
To ſpoil me of my Honour. Thou! thou Hypocrite!
That wear'ſt a Pageant outſide Shew of Virtue,
To cover the hot Thoughts that glow within,
Thou rank Adulterer!

Tam. Oh! that thou wert
The Lord of all thoſe Thouſands, that lie breathleſs
On yonder Field of Blood: That I again
Might hunt thee in the Face of Death and Danger,
Through the tumultuous Battle, and there force thee,
Vanquiſh'd and ſinking underneath my Arm,
To own thou haſt traduc'd me like a Villain.

Baj. Ha! does it gall thee, *Tartar?* By Revenge,
It joys me much, to find thou feel'ſt my Fury.
Yes! I will echo to thee, thou Adulterer!
Thou doſt profane the Name of King and Soldier,
And like a Ruffian Bravo cam'ſt with Force
To violate the Holy Marriage-Bed.

Tam. Wert thou not ſhelter'd by thy abject State,
The Captive of my Sword, by my juſt Anger!
My Breath, like Thunder, ſhould confound thy Pride,
And doom thee dead, this inſtant, with a Word.

Baj. 'Tis falſe! my Fate's above thee, and thou dar'ſt not.

Tam.

Tam. Ha! dare not? Thou haſt rais'd my pond'rous [Rage,
And now it falls to cruſh thee at a Blow.
A Guard there.—* Seize and drag him to his Fate.
[* *Enter a Guard, they ſeize* Bajazet.
Tyrant, I'll do a double Juſtice on thee,
At once revenge myſelf, and all Mankind.

Baj. Well doſt thou, ere thy Violence and Luſt
Invade my Bed, thus to begin with Murder;
Drown all thy Fears in Blood, and ſin ſecurely.

Tam. Away! ———

Arp. [*kneeling.*] Oh ſtay! I charge thee, by Renown;
By that bright Glory, thy great Soul purſues!
Call back the Doom of Death.

Tam. Fair injur'd Excellence,
Why doſt thou kneel, and waſte ſuch precious Pray'rs,
(As might e'en bribe the Saints to partial Juſtice)
For one to Goodneſs loſt? who firſt undid thee,
Who ſtill purſues and aggravates the Wrong.

Baj. By *Alha!* no—I will not wear a Life
Bought with ſuch vile Diſhonour.—Death ſhall free me
At once from Infamy, and thee, thou Traitereſs!

Arp. No matter, tho' the whiſtling Winds grow loud,
And the rude Tempeſt roars, 'tis idle Rage:
Oh! mark it not. But let thy ſteady Virtue
Be conſtant to its Temper; ſave his Life,
And ſave *Arpaſia* from the ſport of Talkers.
Think, how the buſy, medling World ſhall toſs
Thy mighty Name about, in ſcurril Mirth;
Shall brand thy Vengeance, as a foul Deſign,
And make ſuch monſtrous Legends of our Lives,
As late Poſterity ſhall bluſh in reading.

Tam. Oh matchleſs Virtue! Yes, I will obey;
Tho' Laggard in the Race, admiring yet,
I will purſue the ſhining Path thou tread'ſt.
Sultan, be ſafe, Reaſon reſumes her Empire, } *The Guards*
And I am cool again.—Here break we off, } *releaſe* Baj.
Leſt farther Speech ſhould miniſter new Rage.

Wiſely

Wiſely from dangerous Paſſions I retreat,
To keep a Conqueſt, which was hard to get:
And oh! 'tis time I ſhou'd for Flight prepare,
A War more fatal ſeems to threaten there,
And all my Rebel-blood aſſiſts the Fair:
One Moment more, and I too late ſhall find,
That Love's the ſtrongeſt Pow'r that lords it o'er the Mind.
[*Exit* Tamerlane *follow'd by the Guards.*

Baj. To what new Shame, what Plague am I reſerv'd?
Why did my Stars refuſe me to die warm?
While yet my Regal State ſtood unimpeach'd,
Nor knew the Curſe of having One above me;
Then too (altho' by Force I graſpt the Joy)
My Love was ſafe, nor felt the Rack of Doubt:
Why haſt thou forc'd this nauſeous Life upon me?
Is it to triumph over me?——But I will,
I will be free, I will forget thee all;
The Bitter and the Sweet, the Joy and Pain,
Death ſhall expunge at once, and eaſe my Soul.
Prophet, take notice, I diſclaim thy Paradiſe,
Thy fragrant Bow'rs, and everlaſting Shades,
Thou haſt plac'd Woman there, and all thy Joys are tainted.
[*Exit* Bajazet.

Arp. A little longer yet, be ſtrong, my Heart,
A little longer let the buſy Spirits
Keep on their chearful Round.——It wo'not be;
Love, Sorrow, and the Sting of vile Reproach,
Succeeding one another in their Courſe,
Like Drops of eating Water on the Marble,
At length have worn my boaſted Courage down:
I will indulge the Woman in my Soul,
And give a looſe to Tears, and to Impatience;
Death is at laſt my Due, and I will have it.——
And ſee the poor *Moneſes* comes to take
One ſad Adieu, and then we part for ever.

Enter Moneſes.

Mon. Already am I onward of my way;
Thy tuneful Voice comes like a hollow Sound

At

At diſtance to my Ears. My Eyes grow heavy,
And all the glorious Lights of Heav'n look dim;
'Tis the laſt Office they ſhall ever do me,
To view thee once, and then to cloſe and die.
Arp. Alas! How happy have we been, *Moneſes?*
Ye gentle Days, that once were ours; what Joys
Did every chearful Morning bring along?
No Fears, no Jealouſies, no angry Parents,
That for unequal Births, or Fortunes, frown'd;
But Love, that kindly join'd our Hearts, to bleſs us
Made us a Bleſſing too to all beſides.
Mon. Oh! caſt not thy Remembrance back, *Arpaſia*,
'Tis Grief unutterable, 'tis Diſtraction!
But let this laſt of Hours be peaceful Sorrow;
Here let me kneel, and pay my lateſt Vows;
Be witneſs all ye Saints, thou Heav'n and Nature,
Be witneſs of my Truth, for you have known it;
Be witneſs, that I never knew a Pleaſure,
In all the World could offer, like *Arpaſia*;
Be witneſs, that I liv'd but in *Arpaſia*;
And oh! be witneſs, that her Loſs has kill'd me.
Arp. While thou art ſpeaking, Life begins to fail,
And every tender Accent chills like Death.
Oh! let me haſte then yet, ere Day declines,
And the long Night prevail, once more to tell thee
What, and how dear *Moneſes* has been to me.
What has he not been?——All the Names of Love,
Brothers, or Fathers, Husbands, all are poor:
Moneſes is myſelf, in my fond Heart,
E'en in my vital Blood he lives and reigns;
The laſt dear Object of my parting Soul
Will be *Moneſes*; the laſt Breath that lingers
Within my panting Breaſt, ſhall ſigh *Moneſes*.
Mon. It is enough! Now to thy Reſt, my Soul,
The World and thou have made an end at once.
Arp. Fain would I ſtill detain thee, hold thee ſtill:
Nor Honour can forbid, that we together
Should ſhare the poor few Minutes that remain;

I ſwear, methinks this ſad Society
Has ſomewhat pleaſing in it.——Death's dark Shades
Seem, as we journey on, to loſe their Horror:
At near approach the Monſters form'd by Fear
Are vaniſht all, and leave the Proſpect clear:
Amidſt the gloomy Vale, a pleaſing Scene
With Flow'rs adorn'd, and never-fading Green,
Inviting ſtands to take the Wretched in.
No Wars, no Wrongs, no Tyrants, no Deſpair,
Diſturb the Quiet of a Place ſo fair,
But injur'd Lovers find *Elyſium* there. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bajazet, Omar, Haly, *and the* Derviſe.

Baj. Now by the glorious Tomb that ſhrines our Pro-
By *Mecca*'s ſacred Temple! here I ſwear! [phet,
Our Daughter is thy Bride; and to that Gift
Such Wealth, ſuch Pow'r, ſuch Honours will I add,
That Monarchs ſhall with Envy view thy State,
And own, Thou art a Demigod to them.
Thou haſt giv'n me what I wiſh'd, Power of Revenge,
And when a King rewards, 'tis ample Retribution.

Om. Twelve *Tartar* Lords, each potent in his Tribe,
Have ſworn to own my Cauſe, and draw their Thouſands
To-morrow, from th' ungrateful *Parthian*'s ſide;
To Day declining ſeems to yield to Night.
Ere little more than half her Courſe be ended,
In an auſpicious Hour prepare for Flight;
The Leaders of the Troops thro' which we paſs,
Rais'd by my Pow'r, devoted to my Service,
Shall make our Paſſage ſecret, and ſecure.

Der. Already, mighty Sultan, art thou ſafe,
Since by yon paſſing Torches Light, I gueſs
To his Pavilion *Tamerlane* retires,
Attended by a Train of waiting Courtiers.
All, who remain within theſe Tents, are thine,
And hail thee, as their Lord.
Ha, th' *Italian* Prince,
With ſad *Moneſes*, are not yet gone forth.

Baj. Ha! with our Queen and Daughter?

Om.

Om. They are ours;
I markt the Slaves, who waited on *Axalla*;
They, when the Emperor paſt out, preſt on,
And mingled with the Croud, nor miſs'd their Lord:
He is your Pris'ner, Sir; I go this Moment,
To ſeize, and bring him, to receive his Doom.
[*Exit* Omar.

Baj. Haſte, *Haly*, follow, and ſecure the *Greek*;
Him too I wiſh to keep within my Power. [*Exit* Haly.

Der. If my dread Lord permit his Slave to ſpeak,
I would adviſe to ſpare *Axalla*'s Life,
Till we are ſafe beyond the *Parthian*'s Power;
Him, as our Pledge of Safety, may we hold;
And, could you gain him to aſſiſt your Flight,
It might import you much.

Baj. Thou counſell'ſt well;
And tho' I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian,
And to my mortal Enemy devoted,
Yet to ſecure my Liberty, and Vengeance,
I wiſh he now were ours.

Der. And ſee! they come!
Fortune repents, again ſhe courts your Side,
And, with this firſt fair Offering of Succeſs,
She wooes you to forget her Crime of yeſterday.

Enter Omar *with* Axalla *Priſoner*, Selima *following weeping.*

Ax. I wo'not call thee Villain, 'tis a Name
Too holy for thy Crime; to break thy Faith,
And turn a Rebel to ſo good a Maſter,
Is an Ingratitude unmatch'd on Earth;
The firſt revolting Angel's Pride cou'd only
Do more than thou haſt done. Thou copy'ſt well,
And keep'ſt the black Original in view.

Om. Do, rage, and vainly call upon thy Maſter,
To ſave his Minion; my Revenge has caught thee,
And I will make thee curſe that fond Preſumption,
That ſet thee on, to rival me in ought.

Baj. Chriſtian, I hold thy Fate at my Diſpoſal.
One only way remains to Mercy open, Be

Be Partner of my Flight, and my Revenge,
And thou art ſafe. Thy other Choice is Death.
Om. What means the Sultan?
Der. I conjure you, hold———
Your Rival is devoted to Deſtruction, [*Aſide to* Omar.
Nor would the Sultan now defer his Fate
But for our common Safety—Liſten further. [*Whiſpers.*
Ax. Then briefly thus. Death is the Choice I make;
Since, next to Heav'n, my Maſter and my Friend
Has Intereſt in my Life, and ſtill ſhall claim it.
Baj. Then take thy Wiſh—Call in our Mutes.
Sel. My Father,
If yet you have not ſworn to caſt me off,
And turn me out, to wander in Misfortune;
If yet my Voice be gracious in your Ears;
If yet my Duty and my Love offend not,
Oh! call your Sentence back, and ſave *Axalla.*
Baj Riſe *Selima*; the Slave deſerves to die,
Who durſt, with ſullen Pride, refuſe my Mercy:
Yet, for thy ſake, once more I offer Life.
Sel. Some Angel whiſper to my anxious Soul
What I ſhall do to ſave him.——Oh! *Axalla!*
Is it ſo eaſy to thee, to forſake me?
Canſt thou reſolve, with all this cold Indifference,
Never to ſee me more? To leave me here
The miſerable Mourner of thy Fate,
Condemn'd to waſte my Widow'd Virgin Youth,
My tedious Days and Nights in lonely Weeping,
And never know the Voice of Comfort more?
Ax. Search not too deep the Sorrows of my Breaſt;
Thou ſay'ſt, I am indifferent, and cold.
Oh! is it poſſible, my Eyes ſhould tell
So little of the fighting Storm within?
Oh! turn thee from me, ſave me from thy Beauties,
Falſhood and Ruin all look lovely there;
Oh! let my lab'ring Soul yet ſtruggle thro'———
I will—I would reſolve to die, and leave thee.

Baj.

Baj. Then let him die.—He trifles with my Favour;
I have too long attended his Reſolves.

Sel. Oh! ſtay a Minute, yet a Minute longer; [*To* Baj.
A Minute is a little Space in Life:
There is a kind Conſenting in his Eyes;
And I ſhall win him to your Royal Will.
Oh! my *Axalla!* ſeem but to conſent—[*To* Axalla *aſide.*
Unkind and Cruel, will you then do nothing?
I find, I am not worth thy leaſt of Cares.

Ax. Oh! labour not to hang Diſhonour on me:
I could bear Sickneſs, Pain, and Poverty,
Thoſe mortal Evils worſe than Death, for thee.
But this—It has the Force of Fate againſt us,
And cannot be.

Sel. See, ſee, Sir, he relents, [*To* Bajazet.
Already he inclines to own your Cauſe:
A little longer, and he is all yours.

Baj. Then mark how far a Father's Fondneſs yields:
Till Midnight I defer the Death he merits,
And give him up till then to thy Perſuaſion.
If by that time he meets my Will, he lives;
If not, thyſelf ſhalt own, he dies with Juſtice.

Ax. 'Tis but to lengthen Life upon the Rack.
I am reſolv'd already.

Sel. Oh! be ſtill.
Nor raſhly urge a Ruin on us both;
'Tis but a Moment more I have to ſave thee.
Be kind, auſpicious *Alha*, to my Pray'r;
More for my Love, than for myſelf, I fear;
Neglect Mankind a while, and make him all thy Care.
[*Exeunt* Axalla *and* Selima.

Baj. Moneſes!———Is that Dog ſecur'd?

Om. He is.

Baj. 'Tis well—My Soul perceives returning Greatneſs,
As Nature feels the Spring. Lightly ſhe bounds,
And ſhakes Diſhonour, like a Burden, from her,
Once more Imperial, awful, and herſelf.

So

So when of old, *Jove* from the *Titans* fled,
Ammon's rude Front his radiant Face bely'd,
And all the Majeſty of Heav'n lay hid.
At length by Fate to Pow'r Divine reſtor'd,
His Thunder taught the World to know its Lord,
The God grew terrible again, and was again ador'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Bajazet's *Tent.*

Enter Arpaſia.

Arp. SUre 'tis a Horror, more than Darkneſs brings,
That ſits upon the Night; Fate is abroad.
Some ruling Fiend hangs in the dusky Air,
And ſcatters Ruin, Death, and wild Diſtraction,
O'er all the wretched Race of Man below:
Not long ago, a Troop of ghaſtly Slaves
Ruſh'd in and forc'd *Moneſes* from my Sight;
Death hung ſo heavy on his drooping Spirits,
That ſcarcely could he ſay—*Farewel—for ever.*
And yet, methinks, ſome gentle Spirit whiſpers,
Thy Peace draws near, *Arpaſia*, ſigh no more.
And ſee the King of Terrors is at hand;
His Miniſter appears.

Enter Bajazet *and* Haly.

Baj. [aſide to *Haly.*] The reſt I leave
To thy diſpatch. For oh! my faithful *Haly*,
Another Care has taken up thy Maſter;
Spite of the high-wrought Tempeſt in my Soul,
Spite of the Pangs, which Jealouſy has coſt me;
This haughty Woman reigns within my Breaſt:
In vain I ſtrive to put her from my Thoughts,
To drive her out with Empire, and Revenge:
Still ſhe comes back like a retiring Tide,

That

That Ebbs a while, but ſtraight returns again,
And ſwells above the Beach.
Ha. Why wears my Lord
An anxious Thought for what his Pow'r commands?
When in an happy Hour, you ſhall ere long
Have born the Empreſs, from amidſt your Foes,
She muſt be yours, be only, and all yours.
Baj. On that depends my Fear. Yes, I muſt have her;
I own, I will not, cannot go without her;
But ſuch is the Condition of our Flight,
That ſhould ſhe not conſent, 'twould hazard all,
To bear her hence by Force: Thus I reſolve then,
By Threats and Pray'rs, by ev'ry way to move her;
If all prevail not, Force is left, at laſt;
And I will ſet Life, Empire on the Venture,
To keep her mine— Be near to wait my Will.
[*Exit* Haly.
When laſt we parted 'twas on angry Terms,
Let the Remembrance die, or kindly think
That jealous Rage is but a haſty Flame,
That blazes out, when Love too fiercely burns.
Arp. For thee to wrong me, and for me to ſuffer,
Is the hard Leſſon that my Soul has learnt;
And now I ſtand prepar'd for all to come:
Nor is it worth my leiſure to diſtinguiſh,
If Love or Jealouſy commit the Violence;
Each have alike been fatal to my Peace,
Confirming me a Wretch, and thee a Tyrant.
Baj. Still to deform thy gentle Brow with Frowns!
And ſtill to be perverſe! It is a Manner
Abhorrent from the Softneſs of thy Sex:
Women, like Summer Storms, a while are cloudy,
Burſt out in Thunder, and impetuous Show'rs;
But ſtraight the Sun of Beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair Horizon is ſerene.
Arp. Then to retrieve the Honour of my Sex,
Here I diſclaim that Changing, and Inconſtancy;
To Thee I will be ever, as I am.

Baj.

Baj. Thou ſay'ſt, I am a Tyrant; think ſo ſtill,
And let it warn thy Prudence to lay hold
On the good Hour of Peace, that courts thee now:
Souls form'd like mine, brook being ſcorn'd but ill;
Be well advis'd, and profit by my Patience,
It is a ſhort-liv'd Virtue.

Arp. Turn thy Eyes
Back on the Story of my Woes, Barbarian,
Thou that haſt violated all Reſpects
Due to my Sex, and Honour of my Birth,
Thou brutal Raviſher! that haſt undone me,
Ruin'd my Love! Can I have Peace with thee?
Impoſſible! firſt Heav'n and Hell ſhall join,
They only differ more.

Baj. I ſee, 'tis vain,
To court thy ſtubborn Temper with Endearments.
Reſolve this Moment, to return my Love,
And be the willing Partner of my Flight,
Or by the Prophet's holy Law! thou dy'ſt.

Arp. And doſt thou hope to fright me with the Fantom?
Death! 'Tis the greateſt Mercy thou canſt give;
So frequent are the Murders of thy Reign,
One Day ſcarce paſſing by unmark'd with Blood,
That Children, by long uſe, have learnt to ſcorn it:
Know, I diſdain to aid thy treach'rous purpoſe,
And ſhould'ſt thou dare to force me, with my Cries
I will call Heav'n and Earth to my Aſſiſtance.

Baj. Confuſion! doſt thou brave me? But my Wrath
Shall find a Paſſage to thy ſwelling Heart,
And rack thee worſe, than all the Pains of Death.
That *Grecian* Dog, the Minion of thy Wiſhes,
Shall be dragg'd forth, and butcher'd in thy Sight;
Thou ſhalt behold him, when his Pangs are terrible,
Then, when he ſtares, and gaſps, and ſtruggles ſtrongly,
E'en in the bittereſt Agony of dying;
'Till thou ſhalt rend thy Hair, tear out thy Eyes,
And curſe thy Pride, while I applaud my Vengeance.

Arp. Oh! fatal Image! All my Pow'rs give way,
And Reſolution ſickens at the Thought;
A Flood of Paſſion riſes in my Breaſt,
And labours fiercely upward to my Eyes.
Come, all ye great Examples of my Sex,
Chaſte Virgins, tender Wives, and pious Matrons;
Ye holy Martyrs, who with wond'rous Faith,
And Conſtancy unſhaken, have ſuſtain'd
The Rage of Cruel Men, and fiery Perſecution;
Come to my Aid, and teach me to defy
The Malice of this Fiend. I feel, I feel
Your ſacred Spirit arm me to Reſiſtance.
Yes, Tyrant, I will ſtand this Shock of Fate;
Will live to triumph o'er thee, for a Moment;
Then die well pleas'd, and follow my *Moneſes.*

Baj. Thou talk'ſt it well: But talking is thy Privilege,
'Tis all the boaſted Courage of thy Sex;
Tho', for thy Soul, thou dar'ſt not meet the Danger.

Arp. By all my Hopes of Happineſs! I dare——
My Soul is come within her ken of Heav'n;
Charm'd with the Joys and Beauties of that Place,
Her Thoughts, and all her Cares ſhe fixes there,
And 'tis in vain for thee to rage below:
Thus Stars ſhine bright, and keep their Place above,
Tho' ruffling Winds deform this lower World.

Baj. This Moment is the Trial.

Arp. Let it come;
This Moment then ſhall ſhew I am a *Greek,*
And ſpeak my Country's Courage in my ſuff'ring.

Baj. Here, Mercy, I diſclaim thee. Mark me, Traitereſs!
My Love prepares a Victim to thy Pride,
And when it greets thee next, 'twill be in Blood. [*Ex.* Baj.

Arp. My Heart beats higher, and my nimble Spirits
Ride ſwiftly thro' their purple Channels round:
'Tis the laſt blaze of Life: Nature revives
Like a dim winking Lamp, that flaſhes brightly
With parting Light, and ſtraight is Dark for ever.

And

And ſee my laſt of Sorrows is at hand:
Death and *Moneſes* come together to me;
As if my Stars, that had been long ſo cruel,
Grew kind at laſt, and gave me all I wiſh.

Enter Moneſes, *guarded by ſome Mutes; others attending with a Cup of Poiſon and a Bow-ſtring.*

Mon. I charge ye, O ye Miniſters of Fate,
Be ſwift to execute your Maſter's Will,
Bear me to my *Arpaſia*; let me tell her,
The Tyrant is grown kind. He bids me go,
And die beneath her Feet. A Joy ſhoots thro'
My drooping Breaſt, as often when the Trumpet
Has call'd my youthful Ardour forth to Battle;
High in my Hopes, and raviſht with the Sound,
I have ruſh'd eager on amidſt the foremoſt,
To purchaſe Victory, or glorious Death.

Arp. If it be Happineſs, alas! to die,
To lie forgotten in the ſilent Grave;
To Love and Glory loſt, and from among
The great Creator's Works expung'd and blotted,
Then very ſhortly ſhall we both be happy.

Mon. There is no room for Doubt, 'tis certain Bliſs;
The Tyrant's cruel Violence, thy Loſs,
Already ſeem more light, nor has my Soul
One unrepented Guilt upon remembrance,
To make me dread the Juſtice of Hereafter;
But ſtanding now on the laſt Verge of Life,
Boldly I view the vaſt Abyſs, Eternity,
Eager to plunge, and leave my Woes behind me.

Arp. By all the Truth of our paſt Lives I vow!
To die! appears a very nothing to me:
But oh! *Moneſes*, ſhould I not allow
Somewhat to Love, and to my Sex's Tenderneſs!
This very Now, I could put off my Being,
Without a Groan; but to behold thee die——
Nature ſhrinks in me, at the dreadful Thought,
Nor can my Conſtancy ſuſtain this Blow.

Mon. Since thou art arm'd for all things, after Death,
Why ſhould the Pomp and Preparation of it
Be frightful to thy Eyes? There's not a Pain,
Which Age, or Sickneſs brings, the leaſt Diſorder,
That vexes any Part of this fine Frame,
Is full as grievous: All that the Mind feels
Is much, much more.— And ſee, I go to prove it.

Enter a Mute; he ſigns to the reſt, who proffer a Bowſtring to Moneſes.

Arp. Think ere we part!

Mon. Of What?

Arp. Of ſomething ſoft,
Tender, and kind, of ſomething wond'rous ſad.
Oh! my full Soul!

Mon. My Tongue is at a loſs,
Thoughts croud ſo faſt, thy Name is all I've left,
My kindeſt! trueſt! deareſt! beſt *Arpaſia!*

[*The Mutes ſtruggle with him.*

Arp. I have a thouſand, thouſand Things to utter,
A thouſand more to hear yet. Barbarous Villains!
Give me a Minute. Speak to me, *Moneſes.*

Mon. Speak to thee? 'Tis the Buſineſs of my Life,
'Tis all the uſe I have for vital Air.
Stand off, ye Slaves! To tell thee that my Heart
Is full of thee; that even at this dread moment
My fond Eyes gaze with Joy and Rapture on thee,
Angels and Light itſelf are not ſo fair.

Enter Bajazet, Haly, *and Attendants.*

Baj. Ha! wherefore lives this Dog? Be quick, ye Slaves!
And rid me of the Pain.

Mon. For only Death,
And the laſt Night can ſhut out my *Arpaſia.*

[*The Mutes ſtrangle* Moneſes.

Arp. Oh! diſmal! 'tis not to be borne. Ye Moraliſts,
Ye Talkers, what are all your Precepts now?
Patience! Diſtraction! blaſt the Tyrant, blaſt him!
Avenging Lightnings; ſnatch him hence, ye Fiends!

Love

Love! Death! *Moneſes!* Nature can no more,
Ruin is on her, and ſhe ſinks at once. [*She ſinks down.*

Baj. Help, *Haly*, raiſe her up, and bear her out.

Ha. Alas! ſhe faints.

Arp. No, Tyrant, 'tis in vain;
Oh! I am now beyond thy cruel Pow'r:
The peaceful Slumber of the Grave is on me:
E'en all the tedious Day of Life I've wander'd,
Bewilder'd with Misfortunes;
At length 'tis Night, and I have reach'd my home:
Forgetting all the Toils and Troubles paſt,
Weary I'll lay me down, and ſleep till——Oh!
[*She dies.*

Baj. Fly, ye Slaves,
And fetch me Cordials. No, ſhe ſhall not die.
Spite of her ſullen Pride, I'll hold in Life,
And force her to be bleſt againſt her Will.

Ha. Already 'tis beyond the Power of Art;
For ſee a deadly Cold has froze the Blood,
The pliant Limbs grow ſtiff, and loſe their Uſe,
And all the animating Fire is quench'd;
E'en Beauty too is dead; an aſhy Pale
Grows o'er the Roſes, the red Lips have loſt
Their fragrant Hue, for want of that ſweet Breath,
That bleſt 'em with its Odours as it paſt.

Baj. Can it be poſſible? Can Rage and Grief,
Can Love and Indignation be ſo fierce,
So mortal in a Woman's Heart? Confuſion!
Is ſhe eſcap'd then? What is Royalty?
If thoſe that are my Slaves, and ſhould live for me
Can die, and bid Defiance to my Power.

Enter the Derviſe.

Der. The valiant *Omar* ſends, to tell thy Greatneſs
The Hour of Flight is come, and urges Haſte;
Since he deſcries, near *Tamerlane*'s Pavilion,
Bright Troops of crouding Torches, who from thence
On either Hand ſtretch far into the Night,
And ſeem to form a ſhining Front of Battle.

Behold, e'en from this Place, thou may'ſt diſcern 'em.
[*Looking out.*

Baj. By *Alha!* yes! they caſt a Day around 'em,
And the Plain ſeems thick ſet with Stars, as Heav'n.
Ha! or my Eyes are falſe, they move this Way,
'Tis certain ſo. Fly, *Haly*, to our Daughter. [*Exit* Haly.
Let ſome ſecure the Chriſtian Prince *Axalla:*
We will be gone this Minute.

Enter Omar.

Om. Loſt! Undone!

Baj. What mean'ſt thou?

Om. All our Hopes of Flight are loſt.
Mirvan and *Zama*, with the *Parthian* Horſe,
Incloſe us round, they hold us in a Toil.

Baj. Ha! whence this unexpected Curſe of Chance?

Om. Too late I learnt, that early in the Night
A Slave was ſuffer'd by the Princeſs' Order,
To paſs the Guard; I clove the Villain down,
Who yielded to his Flight; but that's poor Vengeance.
That Fugitive has rais'd the Camp upon us,
And unperceiv'd by favour of the Night,
In ſilence they have march'd to intercept us.

Baj. My Daughter! oh! the Traitreſs!

Der. Yet, we have
Axalla in our Power, and angry *Tamerlane*
Will buy his Fav'rite's Life, on any Terms.

Om. With thoſe few Friends I have, I for a while
Can face their Force; if they refuſe us Peace,
Revenge ſhall ſweeten Ruin, and 'twill joy me,
To drag my Foe down with me, in my Fall. [*Exit* Om.

Enter Haly, *with* Selima *weeping.*

Baj. See where ſhe comes! with well diſſembled Inno-
With Truth, and Faith ſo lovely in her Face, [cence,
As if ſhe durſt e'en diſavow the Falſhood.——
Hop'ſt thou to make amends with trifling Tears,
For my loſt Crown, and diſappointed Vengeance?
Ungrateful *Selima!* thy Father's Curſe!
Bring forth the Minion of her fooliſh Heart;

He

He dies this Moment. ———
Ha. Would I could not ſpeak
The Crime of fatal Love; the Slave who fled,
By whom we are undone, was that *Axalla.*
Baj. Ha! ſayſt thou?
Ha. Hid beneath that vile Appearance,
The Princeſs found a Means for his Eſcape.
Sel. I am undone! e'en Nature has diſclaim'd me!
My Father! have I loſt you all? My Father!
Baj. Talk'ſt thou of Nature? who haſt broke her Bands!
Thou art my Bane, thou Witch! thou Infant Parricide!
But I will ſtudy to be ſtrangely cruel,
I will forget the Folly of my Fondneſs;
Drive all the Father from my Breaſt, now ſnatch thee,
Tear thee to pieces, drink thy treacherous Blood,
And make thee anſwer all my great Revenge:
Now, now, thou Traitreſs. [*Offers to kill her.*
Sel. Plunge the Poniard deep! [*She embraces him.*
The Life my Father gave ſhall hear his Summons,
And iſſue at the Wound — Start not to feel
My Heart's warm Blood guſh out upon your Hands,
Since from your Spring I drew the Purple Stream,
And I muſt pay it back, if you demand it. [Weakneſs.
Baj. Hence! from my Thoughts! thou ſoft relenting
Haſt thou not giv'n me up a Prey? betray'd me?
Sel. Oh! not for Worlds, not e'en for all the Joys,
Love, or the Prophet's Paradiſe can give;
Amidſt the Fears and Sorrows of my Soul,
Amidſt the thouſand Pains of anxious Tenderneſs,
I made the gentle, kind, *Axalla* ſwear,
Your Life, your Crown, and Honour ſhould be ſafe.
Baj. Away! my Soul diſdains the vile Dependence,
No, let me rather die, die like a King:
Shall I fall down at the proud *Tartar*'s Foot,
And ſay, Have mercy on me? Hark they come, [*Shout.*
Diſgrace will overtake my lingring Hand:
Die then; thy Father's Shame, and thine, die with thee.
[*Offers to kill her.*
Sel.

Sel. For Heaven, for Pity's ſake!
Baj. No more, thou Trifler!
[*She catches hold of his Arm.*
Ha! dar'ſt thou bar my Will? Tear off her Hold.
Sel. What, not for Life? Shou'd not I plead for Life?
When Nature teaches e'en the Brute Creation
To hold faſt that, her beſt, her nobleſt Gift.
Look on my Eyes, whom you ſo oft have kiſt,
And ſwore they were your beſt-lov'd Queen's, my Mother's.
Behold 'em now ſtreaming for Mercy, Mercy!
Look on me, and deny me, if you can;
'Tis but for Life I beg, is that a Boon
So hard for me t'obtain? or you to grant?
Oh! ſpare me! ſpare your *Selima*, my Father.
Baj. A lazy Sloth hangs on my Reſolution;
It is my *Selima!* — Ha! What? my Child?
And can I murder her? —— Dreadful Imagination!
Again they come, I leave her to my Foes! [*Shouts.*
And ſhall they triumph o'er the Race of *Bajazet!*
Die, *Selima!* Is that a Father's Voice?
Rouſe, rouſe, my Fury! yes, ſhe dies the Victim
To my loſt Hopes. Out! out! thou fooliſh Nature!
Juſtly ſhe ſhares the Ruin ſhe has made.
Seize her, ye * Slaves, and ſtrangle her this Moment.
[* *To the Mutes.*
Sel. O! let me die by you! Behold my Breaſt!
I wo' not ſhrink! oh ſave me but from theſe.
[*The Mutes ſeize her.*
Baj. Diſpatch.
Sel. But for a Moment while I pray,
That Heav'n may guard my Royal Father.
Baj. Dogs!
Sel. That you may only bleſs me, ere I die. [*Shouts.*
Baj. Ye tedious Villains! then the Work is mine.

As Bajazet *runs at* Selima, *with his Sword. Enter* Tamerlane, Axalla, *&c.* Axalla *gets between* Bajazet *and* Selima, *whilſt* Tamerlane *and the reſt drive* Bajazet *and the Mutes off the Stage.*

Ax.

Ax. And am I come to ſave thee? Oh! my Joy!
Be this the whiteſt Hour of all my Life;
This one Succeſs is more than all my Wars,
The nobleſt, deareſt Glory of my Sword.

Sel. Alas, *Axalla*, Death has been around me,
My Coward Soul ſtill trembles at the Fright,
And ſeems but half ſecure, e'en in thy Arms.

Ax. Retire, my Fair, and let me guard thee forth:
Blood and tumultuous Slaughter are about us,
And Danger in her uglieſt Forms is here;
Nor will the Pleaſure of my Heart be full,
'Till all my Fears are ended in thy Safety.

[*Exeunt* Axalla *and* Selima.

Enter Tamerlane, *the Prince* of Tanais, Zama, Mirvan, *and Soldiers*; with Bajazet, Omar, *and the Derviſe, Priſoners.*

Tam. Mercy at length gives up her peaceful Scepter,
And Juſtice ſternly takes her turn to govern;
'Tis a rank World, and asks her keeneſt Sword,
To cut up Villany of Monſtrous Growth.
Zama, take care, that with the earlieſt Dawn,
Thoſe Traitors meet the Fate their Treaſon merits.

[*Pointing to* Omar *and the Derviſe.*

[*To* Baj.] For thee, thou Tyrant, whoſe oppreſſive Violence
Has ruin'd thoſe thou ſhould'ſt protect at home,
Whoſe Wars, whoſe Slaughters, whoſe Aſſaſſinations,
(That baſeſt Thirſt of Blood, that Sin of Cowards)
Whoſe Faith ſo often giv'n and always violated,
Have been th' Offence of Heav'n, and Plague of Earth,
What Puniſhment is equal to thy Crimes?
The Doom, thy Rage deſign'd for me, be thine:
Clos'd in a Cage, like ſome deſtructive Beaſt,
I'll have thee borne about, in publick View,
A great Example of that Righteous Vengeance
That waits on Cruelty, and Pride like thine.

Baj. It is beneath me to decline my Fate,
I ſtand prepar'd to meet thy utmoſt Hate:

Yet

Yet think not, I will long thy Triumph ſee;
None want the Means, when the Soul dares be free.
I'll curſe thee with my laſt, my parting Breath;
And keep the Courage of my Life in Death;
Then boldly venture on that World unknown:
It cannot uſe me worſe than this has done.

[*Exit* Bajazet *guarded.*

Tam. Behold the vain Effects of Earth-born Pride,
That ſcorn'd Heav'n's Laws, and all its Pow'r defy'd;
That could the Hand, which form'd it firſt, forget,
And fondly ſay, I made myſelf be great:
But juſtly thoſe above aſſert their Sway,
And teach e'en Kings what Homage they ſhould pay,
Who then Rule beſt, when mindful to Obey.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

TOO well we ſaw what muſt have been our Fate,
When Harmony, with Beauty join'd of late,
Threaten'd the Ruin of our ſinking State;
Till you from whom our Being we receive,
In pity bid your own Creation live.
With moving Sounds you kindly drew the Fair,
And fix'd once more, that ſhining Circle here.
The Lyre you bring is half Apollo's *Praiſe;*
Be ours the Task to win and wear his Bays.
Thin Houſes were before ſo frequent to us,
We wanted not a Project to undo us.
We ſeldom ſaw your Honours but by chance,
As ſome Folks meet their Friends of Spain *and* France.
'Twas Verſe decay'd, or Politicks improv'd,
That had eſtrang'd you thus from what you lov'd.
Time was, when buſy Faces were a Feſt,
When Wit and Pleaſure were in moſt requeſt;
When chearful Theatres with Crouds were grac'd;
But thoſe good Days of Poetry are paſt:
Now ſour Reformers in an empty Pit,
With Table-Books, as at a Lecture ſit,
To take Notes, and give Evidence 'gainſt Wit.
Thoſe who were once our Friends, employ'd elſewhere,
Are buſy now in ſettling Peace and War.
With careful Brows at Tom's *and* Will's *they meet,*
And ask who did Elections loſe or get ——

Our

EPILOGUE.

Our Friend has loſt it ——— *Faith I'm ſorry for't,*
He's a good Man, and ne'er was for the Court:
He to no Government will ſue for Grace:
By want of Merit, ſafe againſt a Place:
By Spite a Patriot made, and ſworn t'oppoſe
All who are uppermoſt, as England's *Foes.*
Let Whig *or* Tory, *any Side prevail,*
Still 'tis his conſtant Privilege to rail.
Another, that the Tax and War may ceaſe,
Talks of the Duke of Anjou's *Right, and Peace;*
And, from Spain's *wiſe Example, is for taking*
A Vice-Roy of the mighty Monarch's making;
Who ſhould all Rights and Liberties maintain,
And Engliſh *Laws by learn'd Dragoons explain.*

Come, leave theſe Politicks, and follow Wit;
Here uncontroll'd you may in Judgment ſit:
We'll never differ with a crouded Pit.
We'll take you all, e'en on your own Conditions,
Think you great Men, and wond'rous Politicians.
And if you ſlight the Offers which we make you,
No Brentford *Princes will for Stateſmen take you.*

FINIS.